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THE CHAMPIONS OF THE PEOPLE

MOST of the petitions and violent letters of protest that M.P.s are now getting about the Licensing Bill have little connection with the Bill itself. A favourite heading runs: "The undersigned protest against the nationalisation of public houses by the Government." It is not difficult to imagine the scene while the signatures are being collected for so worthy a cause. The landlord tells his infuriated customers that the State is threatening to take over "the local." No darts, no shove ha'penny, no singing here any more. "Regulars" will no longer be able to prop themselves up against the bar. They will not even be able to buy the landlord a drink—he will be a civil servant, and that would be corruption.

Some more honest petitions refer darkly and in general terms to Part I of the Licensing Bill "which provides for the extension of nationalisation into part of the licensing trade." What these words mean is a mystery to the majority of landlords and their customers. Signatures are collected out of good fellowship and because the brewers have demanded them by a certain date. Not that the landlord is much concerned. His position is the same whether he is employed by the State or a brewery. Either way he must do as he is told and sell only the brand of beer he is given. Free houses to-day are rare reminders of a past age of free enterprise.

From the clamour that has been created, no pub-goer can be blamed for imagining that his "local" is to be snatched away from him to reappear in the new guise of a sub-Post Office. Yet the facts are very different. All that is proposed is that in the new towns to be built under the Town and Country Planning Act the public houses shall be owned by the State, and, if necessary, public houses in "adjacent areas" shall also be taken over.

It is this admittedly badly drafted phrase, "adjacent areas," that has caused some of the trouble. Ingenious antagonists of the Bill suggest that London, being in the midst of projected new towns, could be designated "an adjacent area" and lose all its inns to the State. In reality the phrase has two modest purposes. One is that the brewers, thwarted in the new towns, should not be allowed to set up new competing houses just outside their boundaries. The other is to provide for the contingency that arose in Carlisle.

When the State took over public houses there, it set up its own brewery. Some small breweries that owned premises in Carlisle also owned one or two public houses outside the town boundaries. These were not worth keeping any more; and, at the breweries' request, they were acquired by the Government. In the new towns it is not proposed to establish a State brewery unless the brewers compel it by refusing to sell beer to State-controlled public houses. Then, and only then, could the second contingency arise.

Nevertheless, the clause as drafted is open to misinterpretation. It ought not to be impossible to devise a form of words that would express the Government's intention more precisely, and take away a valuable weapon of misleading propaganda from the breweries.

Apart from the needed clarification of the words "adjacent areas," argument centres on the narrow issue whether the State should own the public houses in the new towns or not. The Ministry of Town and Country Planning estimates that at the very most this is a matter which will affect only one person in two hundred by the end of fifteen years. It is certainly not a problem which should excite the violent passions of pub-goers at the moment.

The test, of course, is the validity of the Carlisle experiment: Here the evidence of the 1931 Royal Commission on Licensing, headed by Lord Amulree, is overwhelming. The Commission found that State ownership had resulted in less drunkenness and disorder without curtailing in the slightest degree the freedom to drink. Lacking the brewers' hearty appetite for profits, State management had not offered the customary inducements to the consumer to drink more than he wanted or intended. At the same time, a far greater proportion of the profit than is normally the case went into improving the amenities and the surroundings. The Commission unanimously recommended that State management should be tried elsewhere—and now at last that is being done.

What hurts the brewers is not pity for the working man or devotion to the interests of the customer. (All experience shows that the pubs in Carlisle are no different in quality from anywhere else—unless it be in improved accommodation and better sanitation). The rub is in the lost hope of increased profits from owning the houses in the new towns. That is the motive force behind the nation-wide agitation with its mounting stock of misleading petitions.

If we are wrong in questioning the sincerity of the brewers in their avowed friendship for the working man, there is a simple way in which they could refute us. Another line in petitions that the brewers run with great vigour to-day is against the heavy taxation which puts up the price of drink. Particular bitterness is felt, and stimulated by the brewers, about the additional penny a pint on beer in the last Budget.

In the year 1938-9 the brewers made a profit, from their breweries and licensed premises, of £27 million. That was after paying N.D.C., Profits Tax and Excess Profits Tax. In 1942-3 the profits, calculated in the same way, had gone up to £33½ million. In 1946-47 the profits had risen to £49 million. Now the extra penny a pint yields £30½ million. We suggest that as a token of their love for the beer-drinker the brewers should announce to the Chancellor that they will take a halfpenny a pint off the price of beer if he will take off the other halfpenny. That would only reduce their profits to £34 million a year, or £7 million above the 1938 level.

Until action of this kind is promoted by the brewers, they must not complain if their present campaign is looked on as the normal tactics of a private industry, vexed that it cannot continue the expansion of its profits at the rate it had anticipated, and ready to use any stick to beat a Government in whose ranks its "friends" are not represented as adequately as in the "good old days."

The North Atlantic Pact

In the preliminary discussions at Washington on the terms of the projected North Atlantic Security Pact, a sharp difference of opinion appears to have arisen between the U.S. State Department and the Continental signatories of the Brussels Treaty. France and the Benelux countries want the Pact to take the simple form of an American guarantee, supplementing and underwriting the Brussels Treaty, to whose signatories its benefits would be limited. The State Department, on the other hand, is reported to be thinking along the lines of a Pact similar to that signed at Rio for Pan-American Regional Defence. Armed aid to the victim of aggression would be, not automatic, but subject (as the U.S. Constitution indeed requires) to Congressional approval; and the scope of the Pact would extend to "strategic" countries, such as Iceland, Norway, Eire and Portugal, which have not adhered to the Brussels Treaty or undertaken any commitments in the cause of Franco-Benelux security. The American attitude has naturally strengthened French suspicions that the U.S. conception of European security is to make the protection of France and the Low Countries secondary to the enjoyment by American forces of bases less vulnerable to attack by land, and to frame strategic plans on the hypothesis that the U.S.S.R. is the one conceivable aggressor. What about Germany? ask the French. Is the Western Reich—its industrial war potential revived—also to be treated as a pillar of the Atlantic Pact? French apprehensions on this score have been deepened, not merely by American resistance to their demand for international control of Ruhr production, but also by the increasingly truculent and irredentist tone of recent speeches by the leaders of all three pro-Western parties in the Western Zones. Not merely have these German spokesmen been declaring that they would refuse to conclude any peace treaty which recognised the present German frontier with Poland; Dr. Adenauer, the Christian Democrat leader, has been openly hinting that German "co-operation" with Western neighbours will depend on their attitude to Germany, and particularly on their willingness to abandon what he describes as their "intolerable" claim to control German industrial output—or even the war potential of the Ruhr.

Dutch Folly

Once again the Dutch, in their Indonesian policy, have played into Stalin's hands. Having used the U.N. Good Offices Commission as a façade while they prepared the destruction of the Republic, they have now reported to the Security Council their decision to end negotiations—a decision reached after hearing the report of their Parliamentary Delegation to Indonesia. Mr. Sassen, Minister for Overseas Territories, spoke for the Catholic Party members of the Delegation, whose object in going to Indonesia was to persuade the Governments of some of the "autonomous" States to side with the Netherlands Government and legalise military action against the Republic. The Foreign Minister, Mr. Stikker, on the other hand, seems to have hoped for agreement with Dr. Hatta. In the Dutch Cabinet, the differences between these sections were so acute that their joint appointment to the delegation must be regarded as a device by the Prime Minister to end a controversy which threatened his Government. They carried their personal and party enmity with them to Indonesia, and Dr. Hatta found it necessary usually to interview them separately. In these circumstances failure was inevitable, and the Republicans now fear renewed "Police Action." This would strengthen the more extreme elements in the Republic and mobilise more support behind the Communists, whose open rebellion against the Hatta Government has for the time being been suppressed. The Dutch have now announced their intention of establishing an interim federal constitution without waiting for the Republic to come to terms. Since such a step by-passes the Good Offices Committee, the Security Council's obvious duty is to deal urgently, as the Republic suggests, with the new, and threatening situation now created.

Next Year's Food

The possible deficiency in next year's meat and bacon supplies may be good political capital for the Opposition, but it arises from conditions largely outside the Government's control. Dollar shortage means shortage of Canadian bacon. As for meat, the Argentine Government has been "going slow" on shipments contracted for under the Andes Agreement in order to squeeze up prices after the Agreement expires; and the delay in Señor Miranda's visit to Britain—which is now to take place in the middle of January—has clearly been prompted by the same motives. The Argentinos, it appears, have hopes of forcing Mr. Strachey into a choice between a reduction in our domestic meat ration and acceptance of new terms, which would pass on to Britain the still continuing inflation in Argentine food prices. This is a bluff that can be called, if Mr. Strachey is prepared to take the risk, since Argentina cannot afford to lose its important long-term market in Britain or to dispense with British refrigerator ships. Argentina, moreover, has run short of both dollars and sterling credits, neither of which can be obtained by shipping off meat products in job lots all round the compass. President Peron has always been intransigent in the early stages of negotiations; but he is running to-day into serious economic difficulties and his bargaining powers are thereby somewhat reduced. On the other hand, further restriction of British consumption as a long-term policy would be intolerable. If the Argentine "squeeze" is to be successfully resisted, Eire's demand for higher prices for store cattle may have to be conceded; and, above all, home production, both of butcher-meat and pig-meat, will have to be enlarged. This means that trade agreements providing for supplies of feed from Eastern Europe are an essential factor in Mr. Strachey's problem.

Stocktaking in France

The French Government is facing the task of persuading the Assembly to pass a Budget which can by no manner of means be described as popular. Although retrenchment is promised in military expenditure, there is to be an all-round increase of 10 per cent. in taxation, coupled with more efficient collection (it is hoped) of direct taxes. Meanwhile M. Monnet has produced his third interim report on the working of his Plan, the finance of which is closely connected with the Budget proposals. M. Monnet stresses the fact that, so far, the greater part of the capital applied to the re-equipment of French industry has had to be provided by the State, and that, of the sums provided from private sources, the bulk has come from the banks and not from the savings of individual investors. He emphasises the inflationary dangers of this situation, which he attributes to a decline in savings even more than to the deliberate holding back by investors in face of the uncertain political and economic outlook. The Government seems to be basing its hopes of avoiding further inflation from this cause mainly on its expectation of being able to use the proceeds of the sale of E.R.P. goods as a means of financing a large proportion of the coming year's projected industrial development. This, however, will not fill the gap unless the proposals for reducing tax evasion are accepted by the Chamber, and meet with much greater success than has befallen similar projects in the past. If the planned rate of capital expenditure on development is maintained, M. Monnet is not unhopeful of reaching his production targets. He is able to point to quite substantial improvements in output during the present year; but he rightly urges the need for a great effort to adapt French export capacity to the changing demands of the world market—a need which has been brought home painfully to the French by the details which have leaked out in the Paris press of the British plan for achieving equilibrium in the United Kingdom's balance of payments when Marshall Aid runs out.

Dental Liberties

The dentists are now protesting about "an attack on liberty"—liberty to earn more than £4,800, by methods which they themselves have always condemned as lowering the standards of dentistry. After the New Year there will be a cut of 50 per cent. on all earnings over £4,800 gross. In doing this, Mr. Bevan is merely keeping his promise to adjust the scales on the basis of a three-months' trial period. The scales were based on the report of the Spens' Committee which, after discussion with the profession, decided that a dentist could give his best service only in a 33-hour "chair-side" week. This would allow him to earn £3,800 gross: his overheads are reckoned at 52 per cent., leaving £1,824 net earnings. Because of the shortage of dentists, the Ministry never guaranteed a dental service for the whole population. Before the scheme, only 10 per cent. of the population went regularly to the dentists, and the British Dental Association were advising their members against the scheme. Then over 83 per cent. of all dentists entered the scheme and people who had had to neglect their teeth started "queueing up." One of the main beneficiaries was the middle class. Dentists are now working much more than the optimum 33 hours—which is good for their fees, not necessarily for the quality of dentistry. On review the Ministry has decided to maintain the £3,800/33-hours per man basis but to accept the need for reasonable overtime, which will not tax the efficiency of the dentists. The "gold rush" into personal practice is threatening to wreck the clinic services of the local authorities, whose scales are now so disproportionate that dental officers are giving up school and maternity work and setting up on their own.

The Red Herring

After twelve years spent in sensational, prejudiced and virtually useless inquiries, the Un-American Activities Committee appears to be approaching the end it deserves. Its chairman, Parnell Thomas, is under indictment on a serious charge of fraud and is pleading the constitutional rights he denied to the witnesses he bullied. Other Committee members were defeated at the polls. President Truman has again denounced the anti-Communist inquiry as a "Red Herring" and has urged that the Committee be put out of business. There are several proposals which will come before the new Congress, either for the abolition of the Committee or for its reform, permitting further investigation into American Communist activity subject to safeguards for both witnesses and the accused. Meanwhile, the strange case of Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers—which seems likely to be remembered when other activities of the Thomas Committee are mercifully forgotten—has taken a new turn. Hiss, who denies the charges that, as a senior official in the State Department, he co-operated with Chambers in a Communist spy ring, is sueing the latter for slander. Both of them, incidentally, are concurrently appearing before a Grand Jury which is investigating alleged spying. Chambers, having declared himself a spy, though repentant, has been released from his editorial post on *Time*, while Hiss, in turn, has three months' leave from the presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in order to deal with his legal problems. These were suddenly accentuated when Chambers produced hundreds of microphotographs of "secret" documents, allegedly extracted from the State Department and hidden until now, he says, in a hollow pumpkin on his farm. This, apparently, was the first either the Un-American Activities Committee or the Department of Justice had heard of this evidence, in spite of the exhaustive testimony of Chambers last summer. This case illustrates the need for such inquiries to be conducted by judicial authorities, not by politicians with a phobia.

IN PARLIAMENT : "The Thin End of the Pledge ? "

Perhaps the House is getting tired. That may account for some of the trips of the tongue that are often more revealing than speeches. During the Food debate, Thornton-Kemsley declared, at the end of a pompous passage: "I now pass from political prejudice to sheer incompetence." Strachey said, courteously, "I wouldn't have dreamed of describing the Hon. Gentleman's speech in those words."

Then there was Mayhew, speaking for the Government during the Foreign Affairs debate. Addressing himself to Churchill with good-humoured condescension, he said: "I think His Majesty's Government have put up a very ragged show during this debate." To which Churchill chivalrously replied, "Why should the Hon. Gentleman abuse his own Government?"

The main interest of the Foreign Affairs debate lay in the Opposition's three positives and the Government's three negatives. The Tories, through Eden and Churchill, asked for recognition of Israel, admission of Spain to Uno, and a more sensitive understanding of France. The Government's reply was a *de facto* "No." As speakers on both sides of the House urged one or other of these policies, the Foreign Secretary sat with his arms hugging his shoulders, clinging to himself for comfort while his old allies slipped away in other directions.

If the French could only find bleakness and a snigger in the Foreign Secretary's reply, they could draw some encouragement from Strachey's refusal to discontinue the importation of French wines. "Adjust yourself to a necessity market," the Foreign Secretary had bluntly told them. It would be a mournful prospect for the West if France ceased to export the agreeable and the desirable, and there was general satisfaction when Strachey, explaining the difficulty of importing alternatives, said, without overstatement: "A good wine is a great deal better than nothing."

The Tories, as is now their custom, provided the housewife with a special helping of pre-Christmas depression. Their gloomy spokesman, Turton, armed with a long stocking of complaints, had indeed the air of an inverted Father Christmas. Fortunately, three housewives, Dr. Summerskill, Mrs. Castle and Mrs. Mann were present to reject these uninvited gifts. Edith Summerskill, unfailing in her ability, can always cope with ill-informed attacks; Mrs. Mann, an expert by personal experience as well as by training, can always deal with the Tory business-men who claim to speak for the working-class housewife; but it was left to Barbara Castle to beat-up, knock down and stamp on the Opposition's arguments. In her speech, the best from the back-benches, she was never at a loss to establish statistically how the Government's food policy had benefited the great majority of the population.

The Tories, who had opposed the importation of French wines, were out in strength during the Licensing Bill debate to denounce the Government as kill-joys. Advancing behind the Trade, they went into action, heartened by the slogan, "Every pub a Tory Committee Room." One or two Labour Members, alarmed by this banner, broke ranks and fled. But Chuter Ede and Morrison rallied the waverers, and in an energetic debate won an unamended victory.

Much of the debate centred round the gravity of Carlisle beer. "Not worth drinking," said one of the Tories. The chief evidence in favour of Carlisle beer came from the Home Secretary, who had sampled it vicariously by means of a beer-taster; and from Grierson, the Member for Carlisle, the only Member to have received neither complaints about the Bill nor about the beer.

The Liberals, who more and more tried to define a political party as "unorganised opinion," split on the issue, Byers leading his rump against the Government. Wilson Harris, the Junior Burgess for Cambridge University, after an eloquent speech, showed his independence of brewer's opinion by voting for the Bill.

And when, after Morrison's firm speech, the votes were counted, the brewers were left to ruminate whether it was, after all, worth while to dilute their beer with politics.

Maurice Edelman

IS UNO FINISHED?

The hurried adjournment of the United Nations Assembly, with half the items on the agenda untouched and the other half left in abeyance, has provided the occasion for some gloomy editorials. We are told that Uno has failed because it has not been able to impose a solution on the Great Powers in their quarrels over Berlin, Korea and the Italian colonies. What is the use of a world organisation, it is asked, which is impotent to solve a single major problem?

This line of attack reveals a curious ignorance of the Charter and the circumstances in which it was drafted. Profiting, as it was then thought, from the lessons of the League of Nations, the delegates at San Francisco excluded from the functions of Uno the use of force to settle a dispute between the Great Powers. Indeed, they went still further in absolving the Big Three from the authority of the organisation, first by weighting the balance in favour of the Security Council and against the Assembly, and, secondly, by granting to the Great Powers the use of the veto in any matter where their interests were concerned. The attitude, therefore, adopted by the Soviet Union throughout the Paris Assembly has been strictly in accord with the letter of the Charter, though it may be felt that it has violated its spirit by the indiscriminate use of the veto on minor issues. The Charter assumed Great Power co-operation as the basis for an effective world organisation. If that co-operation was not forthcoming, it expressly ruled out the use of the United Nations mechanism by one Great Power or group of Powers against another.

This aspect of the Charter has been forgotten by those, particularly in America, who demand that Uno should "do something" about the East-West conflict. During the 1920s Lord Beaverbrook used day after day to nag at the League of Nations because he suspected it of "doing something." He portrayed the League as a fussy old lady constantly meddling in world politics, and argued that everything would be all right if only she could be stopped from "interfering." Lord Beaverbrook's complaint that the League did too much, and the new American complaint that Uno is doing too little, are equally irrelevant, since neither organisation could ever be something separate and apart from its constituent members. It is futile to call upon the United Nations to "impose a solution in Palestine" or to "break the Berlin deadlock" or to "solve the problem of atomic control." No organisation of independent bodies can be more than the sum of its members. The United Nations, owing to the veto, is a great deal less, since the pluses and minuses cancel each other out.

Unfortunately, this simple truth is not understood in the U.S.A., where well-intentioned propaganda has built up Uno as a world organisation competent to enforce world peace. Living in a federal republic, Americans easily slip into the idea that the United Nations is, or should be —the ideas tend to merge—a world replica of the United States. When it fails, as it must constitutionally fail, to display the attributes of world government, disillusionment sets in; and it is forgotten that, in 1945, the U.S.A. was as anxious as the Soviet Union to retain the power of the veto.

It is futile to blame the Union Nations for such failures as that of the Atomic Commission. Once conflict had arisen between America and Russia, it was obvious that no Atomic Convention could be signed. What the Americans wanted was something which could only be imposed on Russia after the third world war, and vice versa. The same argument applies to the barren discussions on disarmament. Any attempt to impose a corporate United Nations solution was doomed from the start. Instead of blaming Uno for the time wasted in this way, we should blame those delegations which tried to make use of the Security Council and the Assembly to deal with problems on which, as they well knew, it was constitutionally unable to act.

A more cogent criticism is that Uno has failed to deal even with those secondary problems where Great Powers were not directly concerned. In Indonesia, Kashmir, Palestine and Greece, war or the danger of war still continues despite the activities of U.N. Commissions; and in none of these four cases has the Security Council or the Assembly succeeded either in agreeing a plan or imposing their authority. What, it may be asked, is the use of the millions of words spoken, or the millions of pounds spent, in Paris if they result in no solution even of a minor conflict?

It is, indeed, clear that the deadlock between East and West has undermined the ability of the United Nations to deal with any problem, great or small. A solution cannot be imposed in Palestine, for instance, not merely because there is no international police force but because there is no corporate world opinion. Here, again, it is not the constitution of the United Nations which is at fault but the divergent policies of the Great Powers. But this does not mean that the organisation can do nothing effective. Throughout the Paris meeting of the Assembly, Dr. Evatt has sought to persuade the delegates that conciliation may be effective in cases where the Security Council cannot impose its will owing to the disunity of its members. It was impossible, for instance, to enforce the Unscop recommendations for the partition of Palestine because, though Russia and America agreed, Great Britain put up effective passive resistance. It was impossible, too, to impose the Bernadotte Report because the psychological moment for its enforcement was missed. But a mediating Commission, approaching the problem without any set solution and seeking to create the atmosphere for direct negotiation between the belligerents may well have more success. The solution in that case would not be imposed from above but would spring from the belligerents' desire for peace; and the task of the Union Nations—to draw an analogy from industry—would be to act not as an arbitration court dealing with a strike but merely as a conciliator. This type of conciliation, despite fierce resistance from Britain, has now been accepted by the Assembly in the case of Palestine. Unfortunately, Dr. Evatt's attempt to apply it to Greece was frustrated by Britain and the U.S.A.

As the case of Indonesia shows, the conciliator has no guarantee of success. But, at least, failure is not certain in advance—as it has been wherever the Security Council or the Assembly have sought to enforce a non-existent corporate will. We regret that the British Government should have treated Dr. Evatt's new approach with such suspicion. By opposing conciliation in Greece and Palestine, though it is at least feasible, and demanding enforcement, which is totally impracticable, the Foreign Office is playing into the hands of those who argue that the United Nations is "finished."

For an indefinite period we may have to live in One World divided arbitrarily into two by the ideological conflict. The task of the statesman who really believes in the United Nations is, therefore, threefold. First, he must seek to avoid spectacular failures by keeping off the agenda of the Security Council and the Assembly those subjects whose discussion must degenerate simply into "cold war." To raise the Berlin issue, for instance, on the Security Council may have been a clever stroke of political warfare, but it was a grave disservice to the cause of the United Nations. In the second place, the task of statesmanship is to seek by mediation and conciliation to localise peripherical conflicts and, if possible, to create the atmosphere for direct negotiations. This is the most useful constructive function which the United Nations can perform. In the third place, every effort should be made to preserve the framework established at San Francisco in the knowledge that it will work well enough as soon as the Great Powers want to work it. This may sound a modest programme, but to attempt more is to court certain failure.

THE MARKET IN LAND

The true significance of the changes in the law effected by the Town and Country Planning Act, 1947, has not been sufficiently grasped either by the public at large or by owners of land in particular. It is for this reason that there have recently appeared in the press many references to the confusion existing on the land market as to the effect of the Act. Sir Malcolm Eve, K.C., Chairman of the Central Land Board, referring to the fact that development value now belongs to the State, recently stated at a meeting of the National Federation of Property Owners: "This is a very new idea, and rather naturally people (sellers, buyers and agents) have not yet got used to the new methods necessary to carry it out." That is a mild description of the existing confusion.

What does the Act do? Its most important provisions are not concerned with what has hitherto been generally regarded as being comprised within the term "Town and Country Planning." These sedate and blameless words have usually invoked thoughts of a cheerless chiaroscuro of "betterment" and "injurious affection." It is true that the 1947 Act contains some important provisions relating to Town and Country Planning in the ordinary sense. Councils of Counties and County Boroughs are required to submit development plans in respect of their areas. The Act expands and renders more flexible the administration of planning control. But it does far more than that; it effects a great change in our system of land tenure. It transfers to the State the development value existing in land which is either undeveloped or not fully developed. It does this by providing that any person seeking to develop land must first gain permission to do so from the local planning authority and, if such permission is forthcoming, must pay to the Central Land Board a development charge which will correspond with the increase in the value of the site resulting from the permission for the proposed development. It is true that the owners of development value have a claim upon a global sum of £300,000,000, which is the amount to be parcelled out among those who lose development value. It is not to be thought, however, that this sum, when it comes to be shared out, is likely to be sufficient to compensate owners of development value for their loss.

Take the simple case of an owner of a field which is being used for agricultural purposes, and which is situated at the edge of a prosperous and expanding industrial or residential area. Until the passing of the Act, the owner of that field possessed an asset of very high market value. Two values were attributable to the field. There was, first, its existing use value, i.e., its value as agricultural land. There was, secondly, its development value arising from the fact that the site was in demand, or likely soon to be in demand, by persons desiring to construct factories or houses upon it. It was this latter value which, until the passing of the Act, made the land an immensely valuable asset in the market. It is this latter value which is, in effect, transferred by the Act from the owner to the State.

The effect of the Act, moreover, is not confined only to large-scale development. For instance, the enlargement of an existing dwelling-house by more than one-tenth, or 1,750 cubic feet (whichever is the greater) is a development which may attract a development charge. Moreover, the making of any material change in the use of a building is a development attracting a development charge. Thus, for example, the conversion of two or more shops into one, or the use of part of an hotel or club as offices or shops, are operations which will attract a charge.

The consequence of the Act should have been, and was intended to be, that on a sale of land, the land would pass from vendor to purchaser at approximately the existing use value. A vendor, if he liked, might reasonably try to sell the highly problematical asset of his claim upon the global sum of £300,000,000, although the Central Land Board has advised vendors not to do this. But, apart from that, a purchaser of land who paid more than approximately its existing use value must be taken to be acting either in ignorance of the provisions of the Act or in the belief that the Act would not work and that the attempt to transfer development value to the State was impracticable and bound to fail. For otherwise why should he pay to the vendor for a development value for which he would have to pay over again to the Central Land Board?

Yet land is to-day being purchased and sold at prices well above existing use value. The owners of land still own the existing use value of the land, and there is nothing illegal in selling or buying land at a price greater than its existing use value. It had been hoped that the necessity which a purchaser would be under to pay a development charge before carrying out a development would deter him from paying a figure higher than the existing use value. This hoped-for deterrent looks at the moment like failing in its purpose. This is due partly, no doubt, to ignorance. It is also due partly to speculation on the chance that the Act will fail in its purpose. The result on any showing is extremely dangerous; for, if purchasers of land pay more than its existing use value to the vendor and then pay a development charge to the Central Land Board, the inevitable effect will be to increase the over-all cost of development.

Faced by this behaviour of the land market, the Central Land Board has threatened that it will exercise its powers of compulsory acquisition in a more drastic manner than had been the intention. As compensation on compulsory acquisition is generally to be assessed by reference to existing use value, the effect of extensive compulsory acquisition might be to restrain prices of land on the market. But it would be both impracticable and contrary to the intentions of the Act for the Central Land Board to intervene to the extent that would probably be necessary permanently to influence the price of land. Moreover, there is an interesting question whether, under the Act, compulsory acquisition of land by the Board for this purpose would be legal. The Board under the Act may acquire land "for any purpose connected with the performance of their functions." It is arguable that, though no doubt in a general sense part of the Central Land Board's functions is to make the Act work, it is no part of their functions under the Act to ensure that on a sale of land no more than the approximate existing use value of the land will be paid for.

If, then, the power of the Central Land Board to restrain prices by extended compulsory acquisition is open to question, and may not prove in practice to be effective, and if the deterrent upon inflated prices for land inherent in the Act is failing to take effect, does this mean that amending legislation will be necessary? And, if so, will any legislation prove effective short of an Act for the nationalisation of the land?

This question illustrates a problem which is constantly cropping up in contemporary political controversy. If the uncontrolled play of a free market is found to have unjust and anti-social consequences, is a partial control of the market possible and practicable? Or does the attempt to institute it set in motion a trend whose only logical conclusion is total and authoritarian control? At the moment, as far as land is concerned, the question remains unanswered. It is possible that owners of land will recognise that the consequence of ignoring or attempting to evade the intentions of the Act will be to strengthen the case for land nationalisation, and eventually make it inevitable. It is possible that owners of land will for this reason co-operate with the Central Land Board in making the Act work. If this were to happen, if property owners were in this way to make a deliberate calculation of their chance of survival and of salvaging what they can in this period of change, the logicians who emphasise the impracticability of a partial control of the market would be, not for the first time, confounded.

The Town and Country Planning Act attempts a revolutionary change in land tenure. It is a significant commentary on the tempo of events that its effects have passed practically unnoticed by the general public. Taken together with the powers over land in existing Emergency Legislation, with the Distribution of Industry Act, with the Agriculture Act and the powers which the latter Act confers over the use of agricultural land, the Town and Country Planning Act, *if it works*, gives the State all the powers over land which are necessary. But the important proviso lies in the words "if it works." If the land market conducts itself in the manner which the Government contemplated and designed, further legislation regarding land values will not be needed for a long time to come. Thus the behaviour of the land market in the coming months must, on any true understanding of the position, profoundly influence Labour's land policy for the next General Election.

A. J. Irvine

A LONDON DIARY

The United States Government knows much too much about the Chinese "rat-hole" to throw any more money down it. Some people are even asking why, if Madame Chiang Kai-shek wants more money to defend the Kuomintang, she and Madame Kung and T. V. Soong did not put together their vast personal bank balances in order to keep the war going for an extra few weeks. It looks now as if Pekin will shortly be in Communist hands. I doubt if it will be much damaged; all Chinese love the city, and I should expect its defence to be a formality. General Fu is probably seeking terms. Shanghai will fall without a fight, and Nanking will also be in Communist hands before long. America is likely to encourage the rump of the Kuomintang to hold on in Formosa and, perhaps, to maintain bases in South China. In that case, no doubt, provided that Sung Fu's Government is broadened so that it can be made to look more representative, further American help may be forthcoming. A coalition Government would now seem impossible, but Sun Fo, who is the son of Sun Yat-sen by his first wife, and who was once Chinese Ambassador in Moscow, has a progressive reputation and might attempt to introduce some liberal elements into a South China Government.

* * *

In his speech last Thursday Mr. Bevin made the surprising assertion that "complete unanimity" had been achieved between himself, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Molotov, and M. Bidault last December about the form of ownership in the Ruhr. It should be left to a free decision of the German people. This statement was received with some scepticism in the House; and on Friday evening a Foreign Office spokesman stated that at the sixteenth meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers M. Bidault, in a discussion of decartelisation of German industry as a whole, had indeed agreed with the British and American view; but that since then the French Government had changed its mind. (This Foreign Office statement was published in Saturday's *Times*.) But three and a half hours later, at 10.30 on Friday, the Foreign Office had issued a second release admitting that the French had always reserved their attitude with regard to the Ruhr. Since this second release completely invalidated Mr. Bevin's statement of the day before, I can't help feeling surprised that no British paper found it worth publishing and that the Foreign Office dismissed the whole affair as "a storm in a teacup." Mr. Bevin stressed in his speech the importance of taking account of "French susceptibilities." One of their susceptibilities is a desire that when a British statesman is guilty of a serious inaccuracy about French policy, he should at least ensure that the correction of it receives full publicity.

Recently discussing the *affaire Arnot Robertson* (the Wilmslow woman, as she now describes herself) I suggested that the right people to back Miss Robertson were newspaper proprietors who valued the independence of their critics. This suggestion has been taken up; several papers, including this journal, have offered sums of £250, and now comes Lord Kemsley with a cheque for £1,000 and a generous letter offering to do everything in his power to help, and expressing his "deep sympathy for the critics who supported Miss Robertson." (It will have been noticed that they were for legal reasons compelled to withdraw their letter.) Lord Kemsley knows well that an issue of liberty was at stake; the *Sunday Times* critic, Dilys Powell, was penalised for ten months because her notices did not please the film-makers. Add up these offers and others—including many that have reached Miss Robertson in response to appeals here and in other journals—and it looks as if Miss Robertson may get most of the money necessary to meet her £5,000 outstanding costs and, I hope, to enable her to take her case to the Lords. With such a good start other sums should be quickly forthcoming. There are still a few weeks in which to decide about the appeal. Whether Miss Robertson wins or loses I am quite sure she ought not to be deprived of the opportunity of appeal just because M.G.M. have money and she has not.

* * *

All those I have known who have served with General Eisenhower regard him as a singularly disinterested man who for that reason was a perfect chairman, unequalled in persuading people to work together and, above all, in harmonising British-American relations. I, therefore, read with scepticism attacks on his *Crusade in Europe* (to be published here shortly) as ungenerous to the British during the war. On the contrary, he is very generous; what could be more generous than his occasional silence about Monty? But to me the most interesting passage in his book is that in which he spoke in terms almost of despair about the decision not to open a Second Front in Western Europe in 1942. His disinterested testimony on this is of the greatest historical importance. Like many others, at the time, I found this issue one of the most difficult, because as a layman I could only with caution demand a military operation possibly involving tens of thousands of lives. In this case the problem was especially difficult because political and technical considerations were obviously entangled. Whenever I consulted experts about it they always said that the Second Front (long formally promised to the Russians) would be opened as soon as possible in Western Europe, but that there must be some delay because the technical preparations would take about six months. I must have been told this a dozen times on high authority between 1942 (when the north coast of France was still comparatively unfortified) and D-Day (when preparations had to be colossal to be successful). I had a furious private argument with Lord Keynes about this. He thought it was irresponsible for the non-expert to argue in favour of the Second Front, but could not give the arguments against without betraying official secrets. I wish I had known at the time how strongly our view was supported by Eisenhower, whom nobody could accuse of lacking technical, inside information.

* * *

The public meeting held by the "Wroclaw Veterans" was a disarmingly frank affair, which might (but probably won't) persuade Lord Vansittart that the British committee which was endorsed by the meeting is not just a branch of the Cominform. Dr. Olaf Stapleton was outspoken about the deficiencies of the Wroclaw Congress and had a good hearing from the full meeting at St. Pancras Hall, even when he described the behaviour of the Russian intellectuals as "harsh, unimaginative, dangerous, but perfectly sincere in their desire for peace." He regretted the missed opportunities for getting down to a practical basis of relationship, but maintained that the Congress was supremely important as a first step. Louis Golding brought bronchitis and a message back from a mass meeting of the French Wroclaw veterans, and Peter Blackman (who wrote in this journal last week) was the hit of the evening. Ivor Montagu was, as usual, persuasive and conciliatory; he made the very telling point that Russia had asked for twelve British films in exchange for Russian films, and that sanction had been withheld since the beginning of the summer. There was a dramatic intervention by an American master-sergeant in uniform, who contributed 100 dollars and said that he was on the Berlin air-lift. He hadn't been home for Christmas for nine years. Dr. S. Harland, the geneticist, from the floor brought "intellectual co-operation" down to cases, and asked why since 1940 he had not been able to get any replies from his scientific correspondents in the U.S.S.R. Haldane admitted that he himself had not had as many replies as he would have liked and Bernal added that this experience was not confined to the geneticists. The reason, he said, was "the war-threatened situation of the world," one of the objects of "Intellectuals for Peace": was to change this atmosphere.

* * *

For the first time in the history of English justice, the courts have illegitimatised a child born to a legally married husband and wife. The situation is certainly strange. The husband was impotent but not sterile. The birth was, therefore, achieved with the help of a doctor and a syringe. This practice is called AIH (i.e., artificial insemination by the husband). Both husband and wife hoped to salvage their marriage by having a child. Later, however, the wife found that she was still dissatisfied with a marriage that was never sexually completed and asked the courts to nullify the marriage. As, technically speaking, the marriage had never been consummated, the judge granted her release from it. In other words, he said they had never been married; which meant that the child was illegitimate. This is clearly a preposterous state of affairs. The law will have to be amended, legitimising the child in such a case.

* * *

Here is a true story. Rosemary was an attractive illegitimate child who was brought up in the homes of various relatives. At the age of 14 when she was in the charge of an aged grandmother the local authorities "boarded her out." Rosemary ran away and a year later was discovered travelling with a circus. She had been taught to dance and to ride a horse bareback. She loved the life and was looking forward to a stage career. Authority, however, knew better. It put her in a home with young prostitutes, girl mothers and others destined for Borstal institutions, many of whom were suffering from V.D. She ran away, was quickly recaptured and turned into a domestic servant. She ran away again and the last reports say that she was committed to an approved school. This seems to me a frightful story. It is cited in *Further Education* as an example of how children should not be treated. We may, I hope, assume that, after the agitation that led to the appointment of the Curtis Committee, conditions of boarding out have been improved. What bothers me, however, is my doubt whether, even since the Children's Act, Rosemary would have been allowed to remain in the circus.

* * *

Obviously, I forgot to touch wood last week when I welcomed the total disarmament of Costa Rica. This gentle gesture was not taken in the proper spirit, either by Costa Rican exiles or by neighbouring Nicaragua. But at least Costa Rica is more fortunate than General Chiang Kai-shek, since a disbanded army cannot desert.

* * *

No one has ever written more contagiously about his hobby than Mr. Churchill does in *Painting as a Pastime* (*Odhams & Benn, 10s. 6d.*). His supreme merit lies, of course, not in painting nor even in politics or strategy (I doubt if he is in the top flight of either), but in the capacity which he shares with Wilfrid Pickles of making mere ordinary mortals feel that it is worth while to "have a go." He does not tell me that if I start painting in middle age I shall paint as well as Bruegel, or even Winston Churchill; but, as I have always wanted to paint, his encouragement is just what I need. I shall go out at once to buy some canvas and paints. "After all," he says, "if you try, and fail, there is not much harm done. The nursery will grab what the studio has rejected. Then you can always go out and kill some animal, humiliate some rival on the links or despoil some friend across the green table." Or, in my case, I can always return to chess and gardening. Meanwhile, I have for the first time an answer when my nephews and nieces ask me what I would like for a Christmas present—"a tube of red madder please . . ."

CRITIC

ODE

On Intimations of Delinquency Observed in Early Childhood.

There is an idea that every child . . . is entitled to its first crime.—Lord Chancellor, November 23rd.

There was a time when every first offence
By juveniles, the very Bench surprised—
Despite all evidence
It was not realised
How lawless was the Age of Innocence.
It is not now as once it was of old,
For in our moral clime
A wave of school-age crime
Bears witness to malfeasance manifold.
Delinquent juveniles
Fill court-room files
With lists of petty theft—
Felonious Babes for coppers feel no awe,
Of all respect bereft
For property and Law;
Pickpockets, and shoplifters counter-high—
Each infant born from childhood sworn
One day to sport the flash Old Borstal Tie.

Gone is the law-abiding Babe of yore—
The barefaced Infant lies
Before its parents' eyes,
By principle and precept quite unchecked,
Its errors its progenitors infect.
Thou graceless tot,
Subversive of the moral law sublime,
Thou dost corrupt the Age, thou Child of Crime,
And spreadest moral rot!
Of old we did not use to blame the child
As now we can.
But on this generation wild
Their elders' misdeeds may be piled.
The child is father to the man,
And parents and their offspring we may see
Bound each to each by common larceny.

Inclined from birth to entering and breaking,
The little malefactor cracks his crib,
Stray goods and chattels taking,
While dribbling down his bib.
Though clouds of glory lap his infancy,
The time indeed is short,
And brief the interval,
Ere, trailing clouds of sin original
He stands before the Juvenile Court.
And though scot-free the guilty toddler goes,
Among his misappropriated toys,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
On growing Girls and Boys,
(Accountable as from the age of eight
For crimes against the State).
So lawlessness is from the cradle spread,
And all the nation
By little Children led
Whose whole vocation
Is but to lead their sires into temptation.

Thanks to the moral state in which we live,
Thanks to enlightenment in penal spheres,
The meanest mite that breathes to beaks can give
Thoughts that do almost lie too deep for tears.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

During the Thanksgiving Service at Portsmouth Cathedral, they gave thanks not only for beating Arsenal but for fifty adventurous and remarkably impressive years.—*Picture Post.* (A. R. Roberts.)

The two new contestants for the honour of opponent to Mr. Churchill were this week described in Labour quarters as "just good Labour Party men. There is definitely nothing Left about them, and no hint of Communism."—*West Essex Gazette.*

When bishops and other clergymen buy pyjamas, they go for the "wildest" types—bright designs and many colours—according to an official of a Scottish manufacturing company last night. "This is shown by statistics," he said.—*Daily Mirror.* (Guy Innes.)

We learn of a further step towards "Communising" the nationalised telephone service. Instructions have been issued to Supervisors at telephone exchanges to call all girls by their Christian names, "in order to create more of a family atmosphere." Effect upon discipline, already lax in the extreme, can well be imagined. Supervisors with years of experience are losing heart in work which they used to pride themselves upon performing efficiently.—*London Tidings.* (Hugh Barty-King.)

The recently opened Kingston station needed 5,500 tons of structural steel work, 5 million bricks, and 50,000 cubic yards of concrete.

It is a veritable Taj Mahal.—*Sunday Express.* (Ronald C. Greaves.)

VAGARIES OF BRITISH DIPLOMACY

The battle of coloured books has sometimes been a close preliminary to the outbreak of actual war. In the "cold war" the battle of coloured books is indefinitely prolonged. The British Government, for instance, long held aloof in the remote diplomacy of the early 'twenties and 'thirties; now it, too, has given up academic detachment, and the distinguished scholars in its employ will soon produce the official record of Munich and the outbreak of war. The Soviet Government has never made any pretence that diplomatic documents are published for the abstract benefit of scholars; thus, since the subject is now politically dead, it has (so far as is known) abandoned the grandiose publication on the origins of the first German war (Imperialist war as it is quaintly known over there), which it had launched twenty years ago. Instead it regales us with spicy bits from the German papers which have fallen into its hands. The first volume which they published was an ineffective blow, without surprises. The present volume* is an improvement. It is a selection from the papers of Dirksen, last German ambassador to this country, which the Russians found on his estate; and, since the German Embassy archives were destroyed, it probably contains a certain amount not in Anglo-American hands. Much of the information is trivial, though curious. Thus, in May, 1938 (Document No. 1), Lord Rothermere submitted to the German Embassy the proofs of an article, "Czechs not our business," which he published in the *Daily Mail*; and in August, 1939 (No. 23), Lord Kemsley described Rosenberg as a "charming personality." The efforts to promote an Anglo-German entente by Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, who is alleged to have held in the Labour Party "a post which may be compared with that of a leading General Staff officer in the Operations Department" are also an odd episode.

The volume reaches a more serious topic with the last attempt at appeasement made by Sir Horace Wilson and, more vaguely, by Mr. Hudson in July, 1939, during a visit by Wohltat, of the German Ministry of Economics. Mr. Hudson (No. 13) confined himself to suggesting that Germany and England should co-operate to exploit the three great markets of the British Empire, China and Russia; he does not appear to have made to the Germans the proposal of a large sterling loan to enable them to turn from a war to a peace economy. Sir Horace Wilson (Nos. 13 and 24) was more precise. He proposed a pact of non-aggression, renouncing "aggression in principle"; this would enable Great Britain to drop the guarantees which she had given to Poland, Turkey, etc. Thereafter the British Government would make a declaration of non-intervention in regard to the "Greater Reich" (including Danzig), and the two Powers would agree on their respective spheres of influence; in particular, south-eastern Europe would pass under the economic hegemony of Germany. He offered to have these proposals "confirmed by Chamberlain personally." This had certainly been the Munich programme of the British Government; and Lord Halifax returned to it regretfully with Dirksen on August 9, 1939 (No. 25):

> After Munich he had been persuaded that fifty years of world peace was now assured roughly on the following basis: Germany the dominant power on the Continent, with predominant rights in South-Eastern Europe, particularly in the field of commercial policy; Britain would engage only in moderate trade in that area; in Western Europe, Britain and France protected from conflicts with Germany by the lines of fortification on both sides and endeavouring to retain and develop their possessions by defensive means; friendship with America; . . . . Russia an out-of-the-way, vast and scarcely surveyable territory; Britain bent on safeguarding her Mediterranean communications with the Dominions and the Far East, via Aden, Colombo and Singapore.

Lord Halifax, and even Sir Horace Wilson, insisted that negotiations on this basis could be renewed only if Germany gave clear proof that she was willing to attain her ends by peaceful means. In fact it is difficult to understand what discreditable fact the Russians hope to prove by publishing this correspondence. Rather it is extremely creditable to British public opinion. Wilson said: "If anything were to leak out there would be a great scandal, and Chamberlain would probably be forced to resign." The appeasers themselves would have made a non-aggression pact with Germany only if German non-aggression applied to Poland also. When the Russians made their non-aggression pact, they thought of their own skins and no one else's; nor did they have to worry about the public conscience.

The Wilson-Wohltat conversations had little effect on events. Ribbentrop was already convinced that Great Britain would not take part in the Polish war and disregarded Dirksen's reports much to Dirksen's annoyance (No. 29). The conversations are discreditable to British sense, not to British morality. The British Government was concerned only with German aggression; the real issue in Europe was (and may again be) German domination, whether achieved peacefully or by war. The peoples of Europe do not want to be run by the Germans, even if the control is exercised in the most respectable economic forms; Hitler understood this, and the British Government (like Dr. Schacht) did not. Hence Germany, with an economic might overshadowing the Continent, is led again and again to assert this hegemony by war, when peaceful means fail.

This truth is reinforced by the melancholy record of the Polish attempts to avert the restoration of Germany as a Great Power. The documents† have just been published by the Polish Government. During the war, the British Government (like the Americans) had no serious German policy. Mr. Churchill said: "We intend to take steps far more drastic and effective than those which followed the last war, because we know much more about this business, so as to render all offensive action by Germany utterly impossible for generations to come." No one ever explained what these drastic and effective steps were; and the words read oddly now Germany is busily restoring her pre-war steel potential.

In the haze of war, German territory was used to sweeten Soviet-Polish relations, as Czech territory had been used to sweeten relations with Germany in 1938. The Polish White Book quotes the letter of Sir Alexander Cadogan to the Polish Foreign Minister on November 2, 1944:

> You enquired whether His Majesty's Government were definitely in favour of advancing the Polish frontier up to the line of the Oder, to include the port of Stettin. The answer is that His Majesty's Government do consider that Poland should have the right to extend her territory to this extent.

Roosevelt confirmed this in a letter to Mikolajczyk on November 17, 1944: "In regard to the future frontiers of Poland, if mutual agreement on this subject, including the proposed compensation for Poland from Germany, is reached between the Polish, Soviet and British Governments, this Government would offer no objection." The culmination of this policy was the provisional recognition at Potsdam of the Polish frontier on the Oder and the Western Neisse, a recognition underlined when the Western Powers agreed to the transfer of the German population from "the recovered territories." If logic and morality determined policy, these steps would have settled the question of Poland's frontiers; and this, in turn, would have involved a deliberate replanning of Germany's economic life. This was quite outside Anglo-American imagination. We treat the German question as a moral problem, or as none at all, and suppose that we can settle it by hanging a few Nazis or by "democratic re-education." Once this change of heart has been brought about, the German people can be allowed to rebuild their economic strength and may even be appeased afresh by the prospect of reconquering Polish territory. Hence the disgraceful story, in the Polish White Book, of the revisionist propaganda against Poland tolerated by the British and American authorities. The Czechs could tell the same story of Sudeten organisation and propaganda. It is not surprising that Czechoslovakia and Poland go with Russia, even if the price is Communist dictatorship.

The problem of security against German aggression is not insoluble; a beginning can be made in the terms proposed by the Warsaw conference in June, 1948. It is part of the stupidity of Anglo-American diplomacy to treat these proposals merely as a Russian manœuvre. Of course everything the Russians do is a manœuvre (the same rule applies to all alike); but the manœuvre in this case is designed to appeal to the peoples of Eastern Europe, whom in a past now almost forgotten we, too, claimed to be liberating. Germany, to be made peaceful, would have to be reconstructed economically on a new basis; and this would be possible only within the framework of a planned European economy—a very different thing from the wild guesses which masquerade as plans in the shadow of Mr. Marshall. Americans have so far offered only two policies. To-day they seem to regard the capitalist rules of undirected economy, multilateral trading, and a free (that is uncontrolled) world market, as immutable. It is now proposed to restore Germany to the level of 1936; that of 1939 will be the outcome. When the inevitable result follows, it will be little consolation that it will be due, not to British wickedness, but to the failure of a Socialist Government to apply its Socialist principles in international affairs. Our Socialism stops at the Channel. War does not; and if the Ruhr is rebuilt, the second German war will have been fought in vain.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

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* Documents and Material relating to the eve of the second world war. Volume II: Dirksen Papers (1938-1939). Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the U.S.S.R.

† Poland, Germany and European Peace. Official Documents 1944-1948. Polish Embassy.

THE CASE AGAINST CONSCRIPTION

THE two House of Commons debates on the extension of conscription turned mainly on technical considerations. Granted the validity of the premises which were invoked to justify conscription in the first place, granted, in other words, the necessity for both a war-reserve and overseas garrisons, the extension, it would seem, was inevitable. As has been argued recently in this journal, such is the condition of our armed forces, and so small the percentage of trained professional men available for the training of others, that the Army at the moment is not adequate to the task of carrying out the Government's existing overseas commitments.

Upon such matters it does not become a layman such as myself to offer an opinion. It is, however, high time that somebody pointed out that the recent discussions, turning, as they have so largely done, on technical considerations, do not touch the underlying principles of the anti-conscriptionist case. It is because these principles have of recent years been so little debated that I venture to restate the case against conscription.

Ever since our victory in the last war to guarantee national freedom and security became the occasion for turning conscription into a permanent institution, the anti-conscription movement has suffered from a disability. The disability arises from the fact that the opposition to conscription is not uniform but multiform, springing from a variety of different and sometimes contradictory motives.

There is the opposition of the pacifists, who are against all wars on principle; the opposition of the old-fashioned freedom-lovers who hold that men ought not to be *forced* to kill their fellow men; the opposition of the Communists and fellow-travellers who believe conscription to be designed to increase our efficiency in a war with Russia; and the opposition of the technical experts who, envisaging atomic and bacterial warfare, hold that a large army trained on traditional lines might be an embarrassment rather than an asset. It follows from this multiplicity of its opponents that the force of the arguments against conscription tends to be discounted, precisely because the arguments themselves are, as it were, taken for granted. They are treated as the automatic expressions of a point of view with which sensible men have long come to terms and need not, therefore, trouble to consider. "Oh, he is a Communist," people say; or "He just wants to make trouble for the Government"; or "He's a Pacifist; what else can you expect?"—it has always been understood in the Labour movement that pacifists are privileged on the issues of war and conscription for war, privileged to abstain from voting or even to vote against the Government without reprimand—and with a shrug of the shoulders "his" argument is dismissed without further consideration. For this reason the case against conscription rarely gets treated on merits partly because of the widespread belief that it is never on merits, that is to say, disinterestedly, that it is put forward.

There is, it is obvious, a strong anti-conscription feeling in the Labour Party. In the debate, 38 Labour members voted against the Government and about 100 abtained; in Committee the Government majority, despite Tory Opposition support, was only 227. It is a feeling based partly upon the traditional pacifism of the party, partly upon the merits of the case. And since, for the reasons given above, the case is rarely stated on merits, I propose here to summarise it *on merits*.

The relevant arguments may be arranged in three categories of greater and less generality. First, the most general, are the time-honoured arguments against any form of compulsory military service. There is the argument from morality. Whatever may be right, it must surely be wrong to force young men, whatever their opinions, to devote their youth to increasing their efficiency in the art of killing other young men whom they have never seen. There is the argument from human freedom. It is an outrage upon the freedom and dignity of the individual to deprive him of the power of free choice and free action and to mail him to and fro over the surface of the globe, for all the world as if he were a parcel, to kill or be killed by Germans, Greeks, Russians or Malays, whenever the State declares the slaughter of the citizens of some other State to be in its interest. It was in protest against precisely such a conception of the State and its power over and relation to its citizens that we fought and won two wars. Hence, to maintain, still more to extend, conscription now is to concede victory in principle to the very cause which we triumphantly defeated on the field of battle. Could there, it may be asked, be a more striking demonstration of the truth that you can't obtain security by violence even when it is successful?

For the last fifty years men have preached that the only way to achieve security is through the power of preponderant force. Yet after two apparently successful demonstrations of this method, our insecurity was never greater. Against whom is this force that conscription is designed to increase to be used? Presumably against the Russians. But a war in which we fought with the Americans against the Russians would probably see the end of us. For if there was ever a lesson for the human race to learn, it is that future war means the end of the civilised world as we know it. Of what avail, then, this talk of security through preparation for war? To the ordinary man it seems like madness. No *people* in the world has any desire to fight any other *people* again. Whatever difficulties there may be between nation and nation, all are indissolubly linked by a common will to live and to prosper. By what right, then, do we take men who are themselves imbued by this will from the study, the factory, the field and the workshop at the most formative period of their lives and prepare them to fight in a war which, if it came, could not but have the effect of destroying, possibly for all time, the civilisation which their preparedness was allegedly designed to protect?

Arguments in the second category of generality lay stress upon the assumed character of the next war. The development of modern warfare has rendered large armies obsolete. Of what use, it may be asked, are millions of conscript soldiers, of what use are tanks and naval bases against the atomic and the bacteriological bomb? The answer, suggested by Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is, very little. The next war will be fought by atomic-headed rockets directed by radar, by radioactive sprays which will destroy life over dozens of square miles, by bacteriological bombs spreading pestilence, destroying crops, poisoning water, making women sterile. . . The most recent talk is of paralysing gas which, diffused by automatically directed weapons, will induce unconsciousness in those who are exposed to its influence. The only defence, if defence there is, against such weapons is technical and scientific. For its effectiveness it depends upon the productive efforts of very large bodies of industrial workers, and it demands for its operation comparatively small bodies of highly trained army technicians. From this point of view a large conscript army may even be an embarrassment. It would diminish the number of men engaged in industry and hamper the efforts of the trained technicians. What is wanted, then, as Colonel Byers argued in the debate, is to increase the number of full-time professional soldiers who, having been trained for the army as a profession, might be expected to acquire the technical knowledge necessary for the operation of weapons of scientific warfare. It follows that we should increase the rates of pay and improve the conditions of the professional soldier rather than half or quarter train a top-heavy mass of conscript amateurs, who would be better employed working to equip the technicians.

The third category of argument is derived from a reflection upon the peculiar character of the putative enemy. The putative enemy is Communism, directed and deliberately exploited as a weapon by Russia. Communism, it is a commonplace, thrives upon economic misery and social chaos. It has so thriven in Italy and France. Hitherto we in this country have largely escaped both; indeed, it may be plausibly argued that under the Labour Government more people in England are better off and more contented than they have ever been before. But this condition is precarious. It depends upon high production and the maintenance of the export drive. These in their turn depend upon the employment of the largest available labour force that the country can muster. Our industries are already undermanned. To continue withdrawing men by extending the length of army service is to endanger production and slow down the export drive.

Let us now retrace the steps of the argument. Lower production leads to economic distress, economic distress to Communism, Communism to the creation of a Fifth Column which would be a potent factor in producing that insecurity which war is designed to avert and which, if war came, would render it infinitely more dangerous. To put this positively, Communism cannot be defeated by forces of arms, but by establishing conditions of prosperity and contentment. To seek to maintain armed forces of, say, a million men because we have undertaken commitments beyond our strength or in the interests of a mistaken conception of security, or because we are still dominated by the Great Power myth, is to increase the danger of Communism and war by creating the conditions in which Communism thrives.

C. E. M. JOAD

CZECHOSLOVAKIA UNDER COMMUNISM

(*From a Correspondent*)

"A NATION can lose its freedom in nine months; but not its character. It can lose its two great national personalities, who represented an old social order; but not its appreciation of that old social order. . ." There are Czechs in the rather sullen streets of Prague to-day who talk like that; and they are not afraid to utter such words in public. For the Government have long since turned a comparatively deaf ear to the subversive elements who clutter the cafés and read English newspapers after having given the waiter a heavy tip to produce one from under the counter. Nine months of a revolutionary regime have taught the Government many lessons, of which an important one is to cease to consider the opposition simply in terms of personalities. Individual "dissidents" from the dispossessed upper-middle class—those who have lost their factories, their middle-man businesses or their opportunities to make an "easy thousand"—are not the real elements against which the Government has to fight. Industrial sloth and "bourgeois" national characteristics—at least in Bohemia and Moravia—are to-day the great oppositionist factors. Nine months of "total" Socialism cannot work miracles against an obdurate, albeit kindly, character. And the lesson has been learned.

This does not mean that "national character" or "social circumstances" will become as big a stumbling block to President Gottwald and Premier Zapotocky as they appear to have become to Marshal Tito. The Czech Communists are not like that; and the conditions with which they have to cope differ sharply from those of the other "New Democracies." First, Czechoslovakia is by far the most highly industrialised member of the Eastern Bloc; and the Trade Union movement in the factories, traditionally strong, has swung heavily in favour of its Communist leadership.

Secondly, the urbanised middle classes in Czechoslovakia were more closely linked with the State machinery, even before 1948, than in the other Eastern European countries. It was from this class that Dr. Benes sprang; and the "westernising" influence which gave Czechoslovakia its distinctive character was based upon a relatively progressive middle class—an element almost completely absent from the other "New Democracies." As a result, the Czech Communist movement did not spring from "social disorder" or thrive on "misery and discontent." It drew many of its recruits from an enlightened middle class, and based itself on an intellectual school of Marxist Socialism.

Against this, the 1945-48 period witnessed in Czechoslovakia the re-birth, to a large extent, of a conventional capitalist society in normal transition to Socialism by "Western methods," and the Czech Communists' experience in dealing with this "bourgeois" *Weltanschauung* has a tremendous significance for the future of European Socialism, since, for the first time, a Communist-governed State not only exists in "Western Europe" but is faced with the classical dilemma which Marx predicted. Not even the experience of the Soviet Union can be of much assistance to the Czechs in this particular problem.

To-day in Czechoslovakia the opposition consists mainly of the middle classes for much the same reason as the middle and professional classes in Britain feel disgruntled and synonomise Socialist planning with drab austerity. But it would be wrong to paint a picture of complete harmony in the factories. During the purges that followed the February revolution some local Action Committees indulged in excesses (admitted by the Communists) for which the nation's industry is now suffering. The administrative class, most of which was openly anti-Communist, naturally suffered heavily—particularly in nationalised industries. The qualification of being an efficient industrial manager was often no protection against the purge; and many managers were replaced by administrators less efficient but politically more "reliable." Recently, Mr. Zapotocky himself criticised this tendency; but, once a process of that nature has begun, it is not easy to stop. Moreover, it is fair to point out that a number of industrial officials who were not purged have subsequently been found guilty of "go slow" tactics. In addition, absenteeism and associated psychological factors have caused the Two Year Plan, scheduled to raise industrial output to 110 per cent. of the 1937 level, to lag behind its targets.

It is misleading, however, to conclude that the failure of the Two Year Plan to achieve its ambitious targets, this autumn, is a measure of the political unrest in the country or of the opposition to the Government. The chief impediment to the Plan has been the shortage of raw materials due to the insufficiency of imports from the West and the drought of 1947, which set the national economy back to such an extent that it has been largely responsible for the remarkable re-orientation of Czech trade from the West to the East. For instance, imports from Russia rose from 132 million Crowns (£660,000) in the first quarter of 1947 to 2,320 million Crowns (£11,600,000) in the first quarter of 1948. Exports rose correspondingly from 309,000,000 Crowns (£1,545,000) to 912,000,000 Crowns (£4,560,000).

The Czechs, as Mr. Zapotocky emphasised, when he announced the Five Year Plan, want trade with the West. "It is not our fault that the United States is intentionally hindering business with us, even in cases where we had paid in advance in dollars," said the Czech Premier. Czechoslovakia was refused a grant by the International Bank through which they wanted to finance the purchase of capital equipment from the West; and pressure is being put on a number of countries in the Marshall Plan area to restrict their trade with Czechoslovakia. British trade, for example, with the Czechs has diminished to an insignificant figure. Despite this, industrial progress in Slovakia—the touchstone of all Czechoslovakia's recovery plans—has been remarkable; and it is perhaps not without significance that Slovakia has produced the largest percentage increase in Communist Party membership since 1945.

The new Five Year Plan, which differs mainly from the Two Year Plan in that it comprises all industries, starts off with obvious disadvantages. But since Czechoslovakia is such an important industrial link in the Communist chain, the Soviet Union is expected to underwrite its ultimate success. Emphasis, as Mr. Gottwald has said, will be turned from the traditional industries (glass, porcelain, leather and textiles) to the metal industry—especially heavy machinery production—and chemical industries. The Plan aims at increasing output in the metal industry by 80 per cent, as compared with current output, with a 200 per cent. increase in the production of heavy machinery. A large-scale investment policy, requiring about 340 milliard Crowns during the five years, will be carried out; a target to raise the standard of consumption per head by 60 per cent. has been set; and the continued industrialisation of Slovakia, where industrial employment is scheduled to rise to two and a half times the pre-war level will bring some 100,000 new workers into the factories.

How far collectivisation of agriculture will go during this period it is impossible to estimate. The trend can either be expedited or slowed down, according to the internal—and external—political implications. But plans have been made to merge at least 25 per cent. of the villages and "mechanise and electrify" agriculture. At the same time, increased economic aid will be given to individual farmers, with a general aim of raising agricultural production by a modest 20 per cent. over current output. So far, the "peasant question" has not arisen in any sharply controversial way. The character of the country and its large industrial population may mean that the peasantry will never present the same political challenge as in Poland, Hungary or Yugoslavia. Indeed, it is worth noting that Dr. Outrata, chairman of the Planning Board responsible for the Five Year Plan, has himself declared that Czechoslovakia cannot accept planning on the Soviet scale at the moment or, indeed, on a basis similar to that of the other Eastern European countries, because of her basically different industrial structure and the pattern of the country's foreign trade.

Whether political circumstances and the course of the "cold war" will force the Czechs to adopt, in haste, measures which would normally take their evolutionary course, is a matter for pure conjecture. At the moment, there is no important difference of opinion in the Party leadership, which has based its attitude on Mr. Gottwald's "moderate" policy. The Five Year Plan and the treaties of mutual friendship and economic co-operation with the other "New Democracies" are all part of a concerted effort to make the East European economy self-sufficient. The integration of the Czech Plan, not only with the Soviet economy, but with the Polish, Bulgarian and Rumanian plans (there is also still in existence an understanding with the Yugoslavs) will naturally have the effect of shifting the balance of Czech trade, with greater emphasis on the East. But it will still leave considerable latitude to trade with the West—providing the West is willing.

THEIR CANADA

What makes Canada different? The question began to jump at me as I swung away from the customs shed and drove up the highway to Vancouver. Of course, after a year in the United States, the trivial things are obvious: red mailboxes, royal crests, teashops and all the other social paraphernalia the British cherish in emigration. True, they concede a drug-store here, a gadget there, but they are not to be assimilated. Geography ties them to Washington and Oregon: the railroad ties them to Canada. They have made British Columbia as much like home as possible. They are poorer than their cousins across the border; their homes are less glossy; their clothes more dowdy; their chief town, Vancouver, shares with Toronto an atmosphere I never felt anywhere in the U.S.—it is like an English railway terminus.

Yet, in some way, all this is distinctively Canadian. Like French Canada, British Columbia is much less sensitive to American social and cultural influence than Ontario. Its isolation has stamped the community with a special character. It is more radical politically. The (Socialist) Co-operative Commonwealth Federation—itself meeting strong competition for working-class support from the Communists—has forced the Liberals and Conservatives into a coalition and hopes to win a majority in the Provincial Legislature at the next election. The party system, the language of politics, even the issues are all much closer to the English than the American model.

Many of these impressions, I have found since, hold true for other parts of Canada. But, in spite of the widespread desire to create a *Canadian* society, with its own literature, its art, everything which goes to establish a national sentiment, Canada still remains a political unit which, as one historian put it, "is so obviously prefabricated that everyone knows it." Canada has become a nation because there was nothing else for it to do, squeezed between the American border and a wilderness.

* * *

Canadian industry boomed during the war; foreign aid has kept a floor under the economy. As in the U.S., profits and living standards are higher than ever before. Yet the boom is brittle, and under the present prosperity there is considerable worry about Canada's economic future. This country lived in the past by straddling Anglo-American trade. Now the British market has to be bolstered artificially and dollar spending cut. The restrictions upon imports from the U.S. and on Canadian travel across the frontier are, by local standards, drastic and unpopular. Canadian agriculture has to have a European outlet: paper and minerals, together with tourist traffic, are the chief earners of American dollars. While off-shore purchases under the Marshall Plan will do something to bring the trade balance with the United States back to a reasonable, if not yet favourable, level, Canada can expect no permanent solution there. Either the old British connection must be restored to something like its former importance, or Canada must pass through a long and difficult process of adjustment to a new economic role.

I found many Canadians, especially important civil servants, who are well aware of the difficulties that Britain faces. "I can well understand," said one, "why Cripps tells us to buy more from Britain and sell less. We agree entirely with the first proposition—we need the goods badly, and we have to economise our U.S. dollars—and it has been to avoid the second problem that Canada has given more to European recovery on a *per capita* basis than has the U.S. But can you sell us more, now? Your supplies are slow, your quantities too small, your prices too high even when the goods arrive. That's all right in a sellers' market, but it can't last. You sell a small Austin here, duty-free, at the same price as a Chevrolet on which duty has been paid. We want textiles, steel pipe, hydro equipment, a dozen major commodities. If you can't supply them, we cannot indefinitely hold the market for you. As soon as our dollar position improves, the Americans will press us to drop import restrictions."

* * *

Emotional and professional affinity, of course, explain why no one seems very concerned about the growing American investment in Canada. Few people, in fact, have much idea of its scope. A common figure given is that about one-third of industry is directly owned by American capital. More U.S. money is coming in, particularly in the Alberta oil-field and the new iron mines in Labrador, which are expected to prove as rich as the fantastic Masabi range in Minnesota. In fact, every encouragement is given to American investors. Some members of the C.C.F. do speculate vaguely about the difficulties they might meet in fifteen years or so if they win power and want to nationalise industries in which Americans are greatly interested. But that's as far as it goes, except on the part of the Communists, who insist that the country is being sold out.

A much more serious view is taken of monopoly by the C.C.F. This has gone a long way in Canada, until today, some resources or industrial processes are entirely controlled by one corporation: others are dominated by a tiny group of firms. Add to this the familiar pattern of interlocking directorates and integration with financial houses and you have the key sectors of the economy gripped by monopoly conditions which would serve as a classic illustration for any text-book.

* * *

The C.C.F. is in a strange position. Too strong to be beaten down, it is too weak to win a federal election, though it can have considerable success in the Provincial field. Originally a middle-class reform party, which had the backing of agrarian radicals in the West, it is slowly winning some working-class backing—mainly in Ontario—where some of the C.I.O. unions have swung behind it. But it has a long way to go before it becomes the political arm of a majority of the million or more union members. Its following nationally seems to have slumped somewhat from a war-time high to about one-quarter of the electorate today. Its present strategy is to replace the Conservatives as the second largest party and thus secure the prestige of becoming the official Opposition. Some of its leaders believe that, eventually, the Liberals and Tories must be driven into a coalition, thus producing a clear choice between social-democracy and its opponents. At the moment, the Liberals are too adept at stealing popular planks from the C.C.F. platform.

* * *

Quebec is a shock. Talk to the English Canadian, apart from the sophisticated, and he will paint you a grim picture of a perverse reactionary people, poor, dominated by archaic sentiments and by a Church which is determined that its power shall endure and thus deliberately retards the social and mental progress of its flock. You find most of the picture is true. Yet, just as much as the Negro problem in the U.S. is a White man's problem, so Quebec is a problem for *les anglais* as much as for *les canadiens*. Yes, M. Houde, the present mayor of Montreal, did spend most of the war in internment. Yes, he and other community leaders have been trying to prevent the extradition of Count Jacques de Bernonville, a prominent Vichy official who suddenly turned up in Quebec and is wanted by the French for war-crimes trial. After all, as M. Houde said, Bernonville is "a hero of epic proportions." Yes, the workers are exploited by politicians, mill-owners and priests, often in alliance. Yet, by harping on such issues, which are good fuel for the prejudices of the English, the day of emancipation for French Canada is postponed.

Its history is that of Poland or Ireland. Where national discrimination, coupled with a minority religious status, is practised against a group, its political development is arrested. Real social cleavages—and here the tensions are probably stronger than anywhere else in Canada—cannot emerge in French Canada while the whole community feels its status is insecure. The truth of the matter is that most Canadians refuse, in their minds, to realise that their country is bi-national and that they must take the consequences that go with that. They assume a position of superiority which hampers those groups among the French Canadians who are liberal, who are disgusted at the deception of their people, and who know that little headway can be made while the French Canadian must always assert his right to live his own way if he pleases.

That is why M. Duplessis could sweep the province this summer, with his slogan "Ottawa gives to the Foreigners: Duplessis gives to Quebec!" He will give little to these poor people, whose average wage, whose food, whose clothing—the children dress in costumes that I have seen in old photographs of France forty years ago—and whose housing is well below the rest of the country. The change cannot be thrust on Quebec from without: but industrialisation and unionisation are potent catalysts at work. One day, before long, bogus reforms, spiritual restraint and starvation wages will produce a different political harvest.

* * *

But even in French Canada, American influence is felt. How else can be explained these two signs? The restaurant "*Chez Sam.*" The eat-stand proclaiming "*A vendre, chauds chiens.*"

NORMAN MACKENZIE

THE SPOTS ON THE GLASS

(*Concluded*)

RESENTFUL grumbling goes on all the time, is incessant among dock-workers, but reaches a climax when the pay-slips arrive, in envelopes with cellophane slits. If its been a bad week they grumble about inadequate rebates on income-tax; if a good one, on the depredations of Pay-As-You-Earn. One whips out a slip which shows his total earnings since April as £228; which would mean about £400 in the year for him, and that seems pretty average. His current week, with five days of overtime, left him £5 13s. after deductions for tax and insurance.

"My old woman'll want all of that, won't she? and I shan't have any."

Others said much the same, and then they turned to taunting the lightermen, accused of having bottomless "lightermen's pockets."

For all these surges of grumbling, the dock-workers, especially the stevedores, were amusingly taken aback when asked what other job they would prefer. "Why!" they cried, brandishing their murderous hooks, "This is a nice sort of job. Not like being in a factory, you're with all your pals here. And it isn't everybody who can build the cargoes. It takes years to learn all the tricks." And they were over-quick to suspect aspersions on the respectability of the job. For the "sulphur-rock," salted hides, and other dirty cargoes have made them self-conscious about possible imputations of pariahdom. They would like on-the-spot baths, like the miners' pithead baths, and indeed they should have them. They don't like to go home "stinking." A big docker reported, with proud emphasis, that a bus conductress had said she would rather be on a route travelled by dockers than any other type of person. They defend, too (before it has been attacked) their indulgence in "bad language," which they call "Dockology." "We don't swear at home!" Also their national spirit: 95 per cent. Labour, they say, almost no Communism, and they'd resent attempts to "russify" them.

"We go on strike, but if anyone said England was down, we'd be in there!"

"We handled the perishable goods, didn't we?" (i.e., during the last very big strike.)

Such views, which seem solid and straightforward, are in fact as treacherous with contradictions as every other issue in dock-land. The dockers' national spirit stops short of accepting mechanisation; they don't even acknowledge that word, but still call it "the Speed-Up." "It's giving work to machinery and taking it away from men." The recent strike on Butler's Wharf, Bermondsey, where four hundred men refused to operate a new type of truck, showed how quickly this old suspicion takes precedence. This new "Fork-Lift" or "Stacker" truck, which picks up and deposits cargo by itself, replaces eight men with one, and does all their work more quickly, is scheduled in the national interest to be put into use everywhere. At present it's operated only in a few spots by P.L.A. maintenance staff, whom you'll hear described by the mass of dockers, as "the root of all evil." "They're never turned off and they never go on strike. But if we strike and gain something, they gain the same." These dockers will exclaim heartily: "Exports must go!" But would they have come out in support of the men on Butler's Wharf?"

"Certainly, if those men had got the sack, or if we thought injustice was being done. The word would spread (you'd be surprised how quick!), and we'd just walk off the ships, just as we are. They might be wrong, but we'd come out first, and get the facts afterwards. One out, all out!"

Then how do they face this dilemma, that they're proud to quicken up exports but ready to strike against machines, which quicken them up? They don't quite face it. They slide off to the question of "a square deal first," improved rates, fairer overtime, canteens and baths, or indulge in very wild talk about profits and "P.L.A. shareholders." The older men, with their deeper, truer sense of the Labour Movement, just look perplexed and say: "I don't know."

In this deadlock of contradictions dockers are very like miners; like them, too, in their isolation, self-consciousness about the dirtier side of their work, long memories, loyalty towards their own lot, and in their resentful and frustrated pride. But the miners have had some confidence pumped into them lately, whereas the dockers haven't. The difference is important and could be dangerous. They strike me as rather forlorn and not very sure of themselves; needing sensible, firm guidance and a better sense of the world outside the dock-gates. Their political outlook is rudimentary, their strikes are usually instinctive reactions; anyone who thinks that they are persuaded by Communist agents to "sabotage national recovery" is giving them credit for far more careful thought than they are accustomed to. Nor have they the common life of pubs and clubs outside their work, which miners have. Organised miners' welfare has existed over a long period —long before nationalisation—while welfare for dockers is absolutely embryonic. In London it is particularly difficult, since many dockers who formerly lived before the bombing near their work, in Millwall, Poplar or Stepney, now rush off at top speed to Dagenham and other places far out. The sense of togetherness stops at the dock-gates.

And the day is a long one. To take home £6 10s. at the end of the week, a docker must work from eight till seven on five days, and till twelve on Saturday. If he's living an hour's

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journey away, as so many are now, this doesn't leave him time for very much else besides bath, dinner and bed. The two hours between five and seven p.m. are overtime, paid at double rates. This financial incentive is powerful enough; but they complain that anyone who knocks off at five, for some private reason ("none of their business!") is liable to be reported and suspended. They only get away with it, they say, if an entire gang decides to knock off at five. They'll admit "a shade of improvement" in working conditions since before the war. The basic £4 8s. a week, which finally decasualised dock labour, is "a bit of social security," although "too tied-up." At least, it's better than the times when dockers, to get work, were "tearing the bloody shirts off each other's backs"—as a very old docker put it.

Old men, old customs and privileges, a snarl of old anomalies and contradictions. In Dockland the slogan "Ask Your Dad!" really means something, and "Ask Your Grandad!" would mean quite a bit too; the jobs have passed down from grandfather to father to son. There are, it is said, old dockers' families living on the Isle of Dogs—where there are no cinemas and "We haven't even a cemetery"—who haven't once in their whole lives moved off the Island. The old men have memories which might well make a Cabinet Minister wince. "We made Ben Tillett—and we made Bevin!" It is necessary to defeat this problem of the old workers with memories of rooted sorrows, to whom increased output still means either "speed-up" or unemployment. It is worrying that the younger generation of dock-workers, instead of feeling themselves part of a big social change, have absorbed the grumbling outlook of the older men; if anything, they are the more fed-up and cynical. The effects of these wretched old memories curl round the docks like a putrefying vapour. It isn't only a question of social benevolence; we are all as dependent on these 27,000 men as they are on us. Nor is it one which the dockers can cope with by themselves. Mechanisation, for example, does displace men—a fact not always faced; and we need to envisage some more constructive future than that of throwing them "on the Pool," even though with a basic £4 8s. There is an impending challenge to a Labour Government—committed to the belief that social security and national recovery are one and indivisible—to apply to Dockland concerted and imaginative efforts, of which there is little evidence as yet. "The spots on the glass", have been neglected for far too long.

GILES ROMILLY

The Arts and Entertainment

FIDELIO

A *Fidelio* which allows us to ignore its melodramatic trappings and small defects in operatic technique, and to concentrate our attention on the vision of freedom and tyranny, of human good and evil, which is the essence of Beethoven's conception—such a *Fidelio* must needs be a good performance, no matter what the incidental shortcomings; and such a *Fidelio*, in the main, Covent Garden has given us. Its success is helped by the singular beauty and appropriateness of Rex Whistler's scenery, which unobtrusively prompts the imagination at every stage; and hindered by some curious lapses on the part of the producer. The great problem in presenting *Fidelio* to a modern audience is to minimise the implausibility of Leonora's disguise as a boy; faced with the usual Wagnerian soprano in the majestic autumn of her career, Herr Friedrich Schramm might have been forgiven for throwing up the sponge, but in Miss Sylvia Fisher, the young Australian newcomer, he had material a good deal more tractable than the average. Did he profit by this piece of good fortune? Not at all, he sent Miss Fisher on to the stage in a permanent wave, a modern-looking bob, and a pair of high-heeled boots like those worn by principal boys in the role of Dick Whittington.

Nevertheless, Miss Fisher triumphed by virtue of strong artistic sense and downright ability; she not only grasped Beethoven's intentions but sang all his notes, which is more than can be said of the famous Viennese lady whom we last heard in this role. She has a good deal of voice, not yet quite in focus from one end of the scale to the other, but strong, serviceable, steady, and not without individual colour and charm, particularly in the upper register. Of Thorsteinn Hannesson, the Icelandic Florestan, I also entertain high hopes, though in his case the immaturity is more marked. Nothing in his performance quite lived up to the promise of that very first note which rang so excitingly through the house; but the heroic tenor quality was always there, though sometimes concealed beneath a layer of roughness.

Temperamentally more akin to Beethoven than to the more sensuous scores of Wagner or Verdi, Dr. Rankl did well by his singers, though he could on occasion have allowed them more scope. The ensembles were generally good, and the canon quartet in the first act as strangely impressive as ever. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf is as delightful a Marzelline as we are likely to see: the part fits her to perfection. Good performances come from David Franklin as Rocco, Tom Williams as Pizarro, and Dennis Stephenson as Jaquino; the only inadequate one from Marian Nowakowski in the few bars allotted to Don Fernando.

Lennox Berkeley, whose delicate and individual talent is at last beginning to be widely recognised, has lately been commissioned to write two concertos in rapid succession. The first of these works, a one-piano concerto written for Colin Horsley, in spite of the fascination of its nocturne-like slow movement, is built of material too flimsy to satisfy. The concerto for two pianos, on the other hand, which was commissioned by the Henry Wood Concert Society, is more striking and immediately attractive, and also a work of ampler, richer substance. It consists of two movements only, the first of which is constructed on an unusual plan which is not easy to grasp as a whole; but its themes are so good, and their treatment so ingenious in detail, that the listener is at no point bored *en route*, only a little bewildered at the end of the run. The second movement is a set of variations built around a rather square-cut theme in E major, but the ten variations themselves are neither square nor harmonically obvious, but subtle, original, effective and exceedingly diverse. There are glittering *vivace* variations, one of which produced a burst of spontaneous applause, and there are two or three in a slower tempo and a more impassioned manner slightly suggestive of Mahler; but all are alike characterised by that delicate sense of texture and spacing which belongs especially to this composer. The Albert Hall did its best to obscure the effectiveness of the piano writing, and the executive skill of Miss Phyllis Sellick, Mr. Cyril Smith and the London Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent; but Mr. Berkeley and his interpreters unquestionably won the day.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

IT is difficult to comment on the recent production of *Prometheus Unbound* without appearing unjust. After all, Shelley was writing for the study, not for dramatic performance, and inevitably production exposed in the cruellest way both the structural weaknesses of his lyrical drama and the lack of conflict. Then, it is scarcely possible to imagine poetry less dramatic than that of *Prometheus Unbound*. I followed the performance with the text, and was lost immediately I put it aside. This was emphatically not the fault of the producers, Miss Mary Hope Allen and Mr. Frank Hauser, or of the actors. Shelley's highly intellectual verse, with its

The fable of the songsters

A tenor Tabby Cat and a baritone Barnyard Cock quarrelled about the sweetness of their respective voices, and called upon the rest of the farm to take sides. But the horse was too busy ploughing, the cows milking, the hens laying, the sheep browsing and the farmer mending a waggon wheel. "How irresponsible!" said the Cock. "No sense of values," growled the Cat.

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In conclusion he said that his confidence in the country's ultimate economic recovery was unshaken. Nevertheless, he believed they were approaching the stage when Britain's industrial planning would be put to its severest test, and, at such a time, it served nobody well to blink future problems in a pleasant appreciation of past achievements.

To-day what had been done was of little importance; what they could yet do was the crucial question, and they could depend upon the Directors devoting their earnest attention to it.

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imagery drawn from philosophy and the natural sciences, is difficult enough fully to grasp when read. Listening to *Prometheus* for two hours was to a very considerable extent a feat of endurance. I am glad I have performed it once; it is unlikely I shall ever do so again. Curiosity is now satisfied. Does this mean that the experiment was a mistake? Not at all. It was as successful as it could have been; and it was a valuable experience to see Aeschylus and Shelley as it were side by side and to be able to compare their treatments of the archetypal myth: Miss Mary Hope Allen is to be warmly congratulated on having given us the opportunity. And then for the most part the speaking of the verse was superb; I did not much care for Mr. Ernest Milton's Jupiter, but Mr. Stephen Murray's Prometheus, Miss Kathleen Nesbit's Earth, Mr. Norman Claridge's Mercury and Mr. Devlin's Damagorgon could scarcely be overpraised.

"To say that ethics," I quote from memory, "is a bogus subject is the sign of an intellectual Philistine." Thus Professor MacKinnon in the last talk in the series *The Right Thing To Do*. I found these talks absorbingly interesting, though I am not sure that they always fulfilled what the planners of the programmes had in mind, which was, I take it, for the speakers to explain just why one course of action appeared more right to them than another. Fascinating as Professor MacKinnon's was, it seemed to me altogether too subtle in expression and too packed with ideas to be assimilable at a single hearing; compared to the reading eye, the ear is a moron, and at any level of broadcasting a measure of simplification in thought and expression beyond that necessary for the printed page is called for. What has been especially gratifying in the series just ended was the wide range of points of view from which the speakers were chosen, those of the atheist, agnostic and scientific humanist no less than the orthodox Christian's.

From *Return Journey* to *A Year I Remember* is obviously only a step, and I looked forward with interest to the personal memories of 1925 of Mr. Stephen Potter, who originated, I believe, the very successful *Return Journey* programmes. I hope his feature does not set the pattern for the new series, for though it contained some amusing matter—there was a marvellous impersonation of a don lecturing: how it reminded one of certain lapses in the Third Programme—I must admit I found the strain of self-parody and self-depreciation which ran through it distasteful. A middle-aged man patronises his youth at his peril, and the young Mr. Potter in 1925 might have stepped out of a *How* programme: he was presented in terms of caricature. I refuse to believe that the young Mr. Potter who within a very few years of 1925 was to edit the Nonesuch *Coleridge* and write the best book on D. H. Lawrence that we have was quite the sawney the middle-aged Mr. Potter made him out to be.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Peaceful Years," at the New Gallery
"You Gotta Stay Happy," at the Leicester Square
"Man-eater of Kumaon," at the Astoria

The ten-minutes newsreel is always too short for me, and I wish it could grow not only in length but in scope. Quite a lot goes on apart from launchings, the wall game at Eton, swan upping, royal occasions, football matches, and horse races in Melbourne or Kentucky: there seems no good reason why the average newsreel shouldn't be as interesting as, say, a copy of *Picture Post*—which usually it isn't. This is an old complaint of mine. Most public events reach the screen for only a minute or two, and as time goes on these flashes gain in value and curiosity, as do also the fashions that accompany them.

Pathé Pictures have made an animated scrapbook out of their files for 1919-1939, *The Peaceful Years*. There is an ironic flavour about the title, because the film starts with the appalling casualty figures of one war and ends with another war starting, for which six years of aggression have prepared us. Add to this the Irish troubles and the China affair, the slump, the General Strike, the unemployment queues, and there isn't much left from the years *entre deux guerres* to dignify the term "peaceful." One merit of this film is that it makes no attempt to gloss over the world's miseries in a magazine manner. Also it does give us the snippety enjoyments, the Ascot dresses and the Westminster faces, that go to make up a period, and some of which already look as odd as anything on the screen can.

So here once more the old buses run, the mannequins parade in sacks, body-line bowling takes the field, maniacs squat on poles, the Fleet is lit up, visitors to Wembley see the Doll's House and walk over the skirt-blower, greyhounds for the first time pop out of traps, Mlle Lenglen dances on the touch-line, and Mr. Douglas Byng exploits his own brand of hilarity. These album glimpses are the more endearing because there are not too many of them.

The last couple of years (including Munich and the declaration of war), though briefly enough revived, achieve a genuine dignity and pity; Chamberlain, for example, makes the impression of an honest, ignorant, emotional man—probably the right impression—and it is frightful to see him in the streets of Munich responding to the flag-wagging crowd. There have been far better documentary portraits of the time, but *The Peaceful Years* offers a scrapbook that is scrappy and sympathetic and on the whole true to its theme.

Mr. James Stewart, already drawing the town as a disgruntled crime-reporter and as a schoolmaster lethargically nosing out murder, now exercises his grouchiness on a lighter level in *You Gotta Stay Happy*. Miss Joan Fontaine adds tomboy movements and a creaky voice to the fun. She is a millionaire's daughter who can't make up her mind to marry, and he pilots his own cargo plane and can't get the sleep he requires. Needless to say they meet in a hotel suite at night: good old sofa, it bears the brunt of many a romantic separation. This is one of the better, conventionalised farces (*The Voice of the Turtle* was another) with which Hollywood is at the moment trying to recapture its golden days of comedy. Silver alloy would describe the present stage of the attempt; but at least a measure of charm and gaiety cling to it.

Man-Eater of Kumaon has a splendid-looking tiger as its hero, and whenever he (or she) snarls in the jungle dusk or comes stepping along a path past the camera our nerves thrill. The rest of the film gives only moderate support. Too many of the Indians seem never to have been further east than Pasadenas, the village has to make do with a mappin terrace and a backcloth of the Himalayas, and the hunter, a guilt-laden American doctor, having wounded the tiger, is then, over a period of months, hunted down by it. I don't know what basis there may be in nature for this irony; none, I imagine: Major Jim Corbett, the author on whom this film is "based," gives no hint of it. *Man-Eater of Kumaon*, by the way, is a great deal better to read than to see—except for the tiger in person; and a new book by the same author, *The Man-Eating Leopard of Radanprayag* (Oxford Press, 8s. 6d.), provides as actual and thrilling a piece of reminiscence as I have come across in years.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

IN the last eighteen months the weaknesses in the Old Vic's organisation have begun to show up badly. Of the three directors, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mr. John Burrell, only the last has been wholly active; and the absence of Sir Laurence Olivier especially has proved disastrous. Since his departure the standard has continually declined until, in the present season, one play has had to be withdrawn and the projected tour to the States has had to be cancelled. These catastrophes have produced a crisis; and now the three directors have retired and

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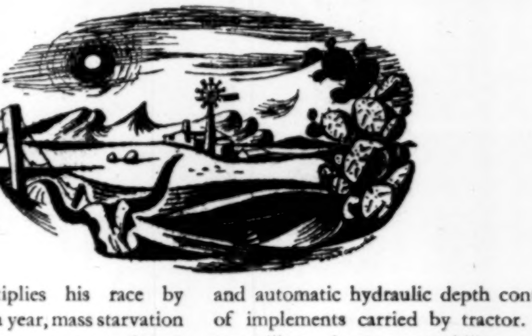

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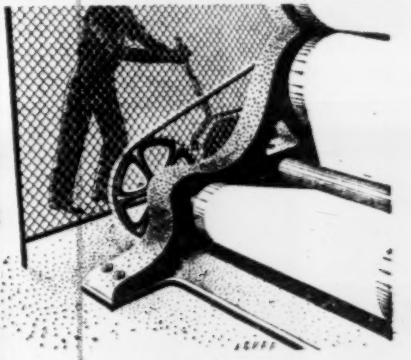

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an administrator is to be appointed to take charge of the Old Vic and its subsidiary enterprises.

These events bring to an official end a reign which ended in fact some time back. I mean the reign of Sir Laurence Olivier as the leader of the English stage. This position Sir Laurence seized by right of conquest from Mr. John Gielgud somewhere towards the end of the war. It is curious how these things happen. There, before the war, was Mr. Gielgud, securely on the throne. He had worked up to the top by means of the Old Vic, and from there under commercial management he built up a company of his own and ran a most successful series of "seasons" which will long be remembered with gratitude. The plays were diverse, well chosen, and they widened our repertoire; the casting throughout was done with care. Mr. Gielgud in fact was serious, adventurous and self-critical. As an instance of this, feeling that his company in their verse-speaking were falling into mannerisms—his own mannerisms, as he recognised—he called in to help to correct the fault the producer of a Cambridge amateur society which had won high praise for its speaking of verse.

Altogether the reign was a prosperous one in which excellent service was done to the theatre. But the Usurper (I imply nothing but the friendliest rivalry) was already being nourished in the bosom of Mr. Gielgud's company and, suddenly—it is difficult to mark these turning points in history exactly—he was on the throne and Mr. Gielgud was off it. So far, of course, there is nothing in this to lament. The sun of Olivier's hard and brilliant personality had temporarily eclipsed Mr. Gielgud's more delicate and sensitive moon. But there should have been plenty of room for both. Indeed, should not a capital of our size expect to house concurrently three or four such leaders at the heads of their companies, disputing with each other for supremacy? Unfortunately Mr. Gielgud about this time took his company to America and his loss was the less noticed because Sir Laurence's reign began so brilliantly. Comparisons between Olivier and Gielgud were all in favour of the former's ardour and dazzle. Even then there were some who noticed weaknesses in the organisation Olivier was creating. The Parts (Sir Laurence's and Sir Ralph's) were out of proportion greater than the Whole. Mr. Gielgud's leadership was superior to Sir Laurence's in one respect at least: it lasted longer. Mr. Gielgud was not lured away by the cinema; he was faithful to the stage; his seasons spanned an appreciable period. And this is important for the theatre, for it means that a large band of actors get a chance for steady practice of their art instead of having to depend on here-by-there engagements. All this was rather forgotten in the scintilation of Sir Laurence's performances. He rocketed straight up to the height of popular favour; but as is the nature of rockets, the show was exciting but short. And then he abdicated (let us hope only temporarily). For the best of excuses, of course—the Hamlet film and an Australian tour. But admirable though these reasons may be, the plain fact is that he has left the theatre without a leader. Among the Things that are Wrong with our London Theatre, isn't one the absence of any semi-permanent company of high standard? Isn't what is needed some continuity? And that one looks to the leader of the stage to supply. The throne is vacant, both Mr. Gielgud and Sir Laurence are back in England, and both, doubtless, have their long term plans which, one hopes, are not predominantly celluloid. Meanwhile the name of the Old Vic Administrator has not yet been announced.

"A Giant's Strength," at the Torch

Mr. Upton Sinclair is a novelist who writes contemporary history like a strip cartoonist, only with a democratic liberal approach. *A Giant's Strength*, his play about an American family caught in the atom bombardment of America, being more aural than visual, resembles more nearly American radio's "soap opera." In just that way it crudely compels the attention and crudely brings the events to a sort of life. It has the excellent intention of making us feel the horror of life after the Bomb; but since it paints the life of peace-time America as quite unbearable, Bomb or no Bomb, the contrast is really lost. The enterprising 48 Theatre have made a good job of a play very difficult for the tiny Torch Theatre stage. But it is not really a suitable play for an *avant-garde* theatre.

T. C. WORSLEY

Correspondence

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—My wife and I have just read with considerable interest your remarks on artificial insemination in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. I can assure you that people who are doubtful about the wisdom of this new technique cannot be summarily disposed of as reactionaries, obscurantists or prudes.

I suppose the majority of married couples wish to have children. Those who find that they are unable to have them either accept the fact philosophically or else adopt them. Any woman whose thought is centred on the idea, not just of having a child, but of herself heroically undergoing all the disabilities of pregnancy in order to occupy the centre of the stage by actually *bearing* the child, is in a pathological state of mind, and unlikely to make the best type of mother. People who regard their partners in marriage as a kind of machine for begetting or bearing children have the wrong attitude to marriage altogether. It is a poor marriage that cannot sustain itself by the companionship and common interests of husband and wife. No doubt children can and do add to the happiness of marriage, but they should not be regarded as a *sine qua non*.

A normal woman who wishes to have children wishes to have them as the result of an intimate relationship with a man she knows and loves, not by a kind of impersonal, cold-blooded and remote control with a "donor" she does not even know. Surely the state of mind in which "any man will do" is pathological?

From the preceding paragraph you will perhaps realise that it is artificial insemination by donor, not by husband, which I am questioning. If a child born in normal wedlock does not develop the kind of personality its parents would wish, they have only their own upbringing of the child, or their own ancestry to blame. In the case of an adopted child, if they cannot blame their upbringing of the child, they can blame an ancestry for which neither of them is responsible. But in the case of an A.I.D. child who does not turn out well, it is only too probable that the supposed father will blame the real father for the child's shortcomings.

Another point I have not seen discussed is the attitude of the donor's wife towards a proceeding of this kind. I doubt whether many wives would be particularly pleased at the idea of their husbands having children by other women, even by remote control. You may think it is "prim" and "unenlightened" of them to adopt such an attitude. I would suggest that it springs from the not unreasonable belief that in marriage one's sexuality belongs to one's wife or husband and to no one else.

It is difficult to see what safeguards can be devised either against the possibility of incest or against A.I.D. children finding out the secret of their birth. It will not be surprising, in a society where A.I.D. is recognised, if children who have come to realise that they bear no resemblance to their supposed father, challenge him on this issue. Also, how do you explain to an *ostensibly* unrelated couple why they must not marry without telling them the whole truth?

The whole field of sexual and parental relationships is far too intimately personal to be treated as if it were a problem in cattle breeding. If one's marriage is unsatisfactory, surely the right thing to do is to try and straighten it out before having children, not to bring into existence by A.I.D. a new life as a desperate gamble to save a marriage that is

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already, on the rocks. What kind of future is there for the child if the gamble does not come off?

T. A. JEFFERSON

93 Albert Bridge Road, S.W.11.

EDUCATIONAL PRIVILEGE

SIR,—As one who has been a Grammar school boy and is now an undergraduate of a provincial university (since by the peculiar geography of academic snobbery the Metropolitan University is "provincial") I read Mr. Alan Hill's letter on educational "privilege" with great interest. His analysis of the situation is, I think, accurate; and his diagnosis of the reasons for it is fair.

The first of these, namely the disparity in academic standards between Public and Grammar schools in advanced work is far and away the most important. In the Humanities (I am not so sure about the Sciences and Technologies) the Public school offers a much wider range and deeper ppreciation. Those of its boys who go up to a university are, in consequence, far better fitted in academic background and method to bridge the gap between school and undergraduate studies. The increasing emphasis on sciences in Grammar schools, with an alarming decrease in the standard of classics, modern languages and literatures in the lower school is, I believe, the greatest single factor in producing the "dangerous double-stream tendency" which Mr. Hill mentioned.

The remedy lies with the Grammar schools. Until they can produce a substantial number of pupils to compete on equal terms with those from Public schools the situation will not mend.

However, Mr. Hill assumes that it is a bad thing for bright boys, especially State scholars, to attend provincial universities instead of the older ones. This is surely facile and shortsighted. A university is only as good as its academic staff; and as long as an appointment to Redbrick is regarded as a mere springboard to Oxford or Cambridge, the new universities will never lose their sense of inferiority. To depreciate their student population at least in prestige, if not in fact, by this other "most lamentable segregation" would be to aggravate an unfortunate state of affairs.

It is depressing in this late year to find one so openly contemptuous as Mr. Hill of the present state and the potentialities of the new universities. One recalls that the University of London was established to fill the vacuum caused by Oxford and Cambridge becoming academic backwaters in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and since its inception it has not been backward in maintaining standards of scholarship. To encourage such a segregation as Mr. Hill advocates would be a retrograde step by which neither the old nor the new would benefit.

Finally, why the division into Oxford and Cambridge *v.* the Rest? It does not promise well for the infant University of Nottingham (one term old) nor for the future ones of Exeter, Southampton and so forth. It is most important to the well-being of the whole educational system of the country that First Degrees from all universities, in spite of wide differences in syllabus and method (differences which I should not wish to remove) should be of an equal merit and be so recognised. This would be a great step towards increasing the competence of Grammar schools where now an Open Scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge is the rare plum to be striven after at all costs, especially at the expense of liberal scholarship in Fifth and Sixth Forms. I had thought that this was an attitude dying in recent years. Mr. Hill's letter is a shock to my optimism.

Queen Mary College, ALAN DAVENTRY
University of London.

DEFECTIVE CHILDREN

SIR,—Your correspondent, Dr. Duncan Leys, has made statements about the mental ability of the child population which are, to say the least, highly misleading. No non-medical psychologist would, I believe, support Dr. Leys in the statement that "one child in ten is mentally retarded, i.e., has an intelligence estimated at less than 90 per cent of the average." Actually about 25 per cent of the population fall below this level, and it is scarcely justifiable or usual to consider about one-quarter of the population as mentally retarded.

Some of these children will fall behind in their school work, and may be classed as educationally retarded. In about 7 per cent the dullness and retardation will be so marked as to make special educational methods necessary, which Local Education Authorities are under statutory obligation to provide.

Dr. Ley's next sentence is even more unfortunate. "Of these children about a fifth," he writes, "have only 50 per cent or less of the average intelligence, are rated as 'ineducable' and legally classed as imbecile or idiot." By this reckoning, 2 per cent of the population will be classed as ineducable imbeciles! Four per thousand would be nearer the mark, even allowing for cases due to injurious environmental conditions.

Many who have come in contact with large numbers of children of low mental ability hold the view that all but a few of them suffer as much as more intelligent children do, if separated from affectionate parents—and many of them have such parents who are loth to part with them. If the child is unloved, unable to receive adequate care, or emotionally abnormal, institutional care may be necessary for the sake of itself and others, and this will apply with the majority of those comparatively few cases which should rightly be classed as ineducable. The pressure on institutional space would be much less if all Local Education Authorities offered to the retarded but educable children such good special schooling as the best Authorities do provide, in day schools. Under those conditions it is wiser to encourage the retention of retarded children in their own homes, so as to avoid the damage to emotional development which commonly accompanies transference to any institution, even if well run.

The removal of ineducable children to institutions depends upon medical diagnosis, and it is therefore especially deplorable that an argument in favour of a private institution of this kind should be supported by a medical man with misleading facts and figures.

25 Northway, N.W.11. H. S. ANTHONY

LABOUR PARTY'S DILEMMA

SIR,—The issue of fact between Dr. Bruegel and myself boils down to the question whether or not the great majority of the workers of France and Italy are under Communist or Communist-Socialist leadership.

As regards Italy, Dr. Bruegel concedes that, out of the 75 members of the Italian Trade Union General Council, 58 are allied Communists and Socialists, whereas only two are Saragat Unity Socialists. He infers that the latter have a working-class following. The Unity Socialists themselves admit that they have not.

As to France, Dr. Bruegel claims that, as regards the recent miners' strike, supported by dockers and transport workers, "only 56 per cent of the French workers voted in favour of the strike, and 44 per cent abstained from voting, upon the recommendation of the *Force Ouvrière* organisation." Actually, the decision that started the strike (for a basic wage of 13,500 francs, or about £13 per month!) was taken, on a referendum by secret ballot, by a 93 per cent majority of the Miners' Union and by overwhelming majorities by the supporting workers. The abstentions were nothing like 44 per cent and they were certainly not due to the advice of *Force Ouvrière*. For two reasons: (a) because *Force Ouvrière* supported the starting of the strike (as did the Catholic Trade Unions); (b) because in any case *Force Ouvrière* has next to no support among the working miners. Its support, such as it is, in the mining industry, is almost wholly confined to the white-collar workers.

When Dr. Bruegel accuses me of not sticking to my election pledges, he is impertinent as well as

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foolish. For this is what I said in an election address which was approved by Transport House as being entirely in accord with Party policy:

> Only a British Government friendly to Socialism can join effectively in making peace in Europe . . . Europe can be reconstructed, pacified and united, and democracy revived, only on the basis of a new social order. To that policy the Soviet Union are already committed, and the French people have given their allegiance in the recent elections. On that basis, a Labour Government can work together with the Soviet Union and with the Popular and Democratic forces in Europe that would be irresistibly encouraged by Labour's coming into power.

The real issue is peace or war. I want peace. Dr. Bruegel belongs to that category of Social Democrats who are incapable of facing facts and drawing political conclusions, and believe moral indignation is a substitute for both. K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

NO JOKE

SIR,—Calling on a French friend, I was shown this extract from the report of the Foreign Affairs debate in the House of Commons:

Professor Savory (Queen's University of Belfast): *Surely the Right Hon. Gentleman does not call books a luxury? Do let us have some French books.*

Mr. Bevin (laughing): *If the hon. Member only knew what was going through my wicked mind.*

"Please explain," my friend said. "Why did Mr. Bevin find this question funny?"

"He was thinking of obscene books."

"Why should a Professor ask to have obscene books imported?"

"He didn't."

"Then why was Mr. Bevin thinking of obscene books?"

"Well, there has always been a demand for them here, and one sort of Englishman, if French books are mentioned, thinks at once not of your poets and historians but of obscene books."

"Is your Foreign Secretary this sort of Englishman?"

Unable to answer this, I explained that there was something called a sense of humour of which we were very proud, and which foreigners could not hope always to understand. It was useless: my friend continued to believe that Mr. Bevin had intended to insult her country; and all her companions who hear of his guffaws will, I fear, agree with her. (I had better explain that she is here on a visit to her grandson, since some people may think of "French friends" as Mr. Bevin does of "French books.")

None of your regular readers, Sir, is likely to suppose that you have much influence with the Foreign Secretary, but perhaps you can find a way to remind him that "French" is not synonymous with "obscene." RAYMOND MORTIMER

A QUESTION OF COLOUR

SIR,—Let me assure Mr. Blackman, who writes in your issue of December 11th of his pleasure in finding at Wroclaw "that there *are* Americans with *white* skins and liberal minds," that he will find millions of them in the United States.

They are having increasing influence, as well. Among many illustrations I could cite, I shall mention only the laws adopted by an increasing number of leading Northern industrial States effectively prohibiting racial discrimination in the employment, promotion, and discharge of workers, and the election by the hearty types of the Yale football team of Mr. Levi Jackson, son of a Negro waiter, as their captain for the coming year.

The idea that the way to racial justice lies through totalitarianism is not a new one. The American Communist Party has been preaching this gospel to American Negroes for thirty years. They have made some notable converts, among them Mr. Paul Robeson. But the great majority of American Negroes and their leaders reject this idea; their objective is to be equally *free*, not equally *unfree*. Even Mr. Henry Wallace, whose politics are much more attractive to American Negroes than those of the Communist Party, was overwhelmingly defeated in every Negro community from Harlem down.

Much more representative of American Negro opinion than Mr. Robeson is Mr. Walter White, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People. Mr. White has never wavered in his belief that the hope of a better future for American Negroes lies in broadening democracy rather than extinguishing it.

London, N.W.8. DAVID C. WILLIAMS

KAFKA

SIR,—Edward Sackville West's article makes me sit up and wonder. I have read only two books by Kafka, *The Trial* and *The Castle*, translated brilliantly by Edwin and Willa Muir. Being ignorant that the man was a genius, I got the lay idea that I was reading the case history of a very neurotic, anti-life man. The books made me think of the hundreds of case histories I used to read in books by Stekel and other analysts. Indeed, *The Trial* resembled some cases of original Onanic guilt. True, he wrote before Freud was known, but so did Shakespeare. I grant that my judgment may be a subjective one, one coloured by my being very tired of case histories an symbolism and mysticism. Sackville West apparentl looks at him from a literature angle, while I see him as a sick man. I'd very much like to hear the view of others. A. S. NEILL

Summerhill School,
Leiston, Suffolk.

COST OF HOUSE REPAIRS

SIR,—"Critic's" comment on the loss on ren restricted houses draws attention to what is now a absurd position. Restricted net rents are practicall the only item pegged back to the 1939 level. Th prices of building materials used for repairs an replacements are up by anything from 125 per cen (e.g. plaster and plumber's metal) to almost 200 pe cent (e.g. paint): wages in the building trade ar approximately doubled, and on to the basic wages i added 4 per cent for holidays with pay and 3 per cen for increased insurance, and on to the inflated tim and material costs is added 25 per cent contractor's overheads and profits.

Local authorities are finding it necessary to increase their rents, and can do so without hardshi to their tenants. Legislation to make it possible fo other owners to raise rents in the restricted categories by, say, 15 per cent would be reasonable no for the tenants' sake: the local authorities can insis on certain repairs to ensure that a house is safe an sanitary; they cannot insist on a good standard o maintenance (which the tenant wants), when th owner cannot afford it. IRENE T. BARCLAY

118 Eversholt Street, N.W.1.

GEORGE LANSBURY

SIR,—I am at present writing the authorised lif of George Lansbury and find to my distress th most of his records have disappeared. Though appealed some years ago for the loan of any materi still in private hands, I had a very poor respons I would be most grateful for the loan of any lette of his of any length in your readers' hands, particularly those dealing with political matters. The will be acknowledged, taken great care of, and returned safely. RAYMOND POSTGATE

45 Hendon Lane,
London, N.3.

CAMBRIDGE VERSE

SIR,—I am preparing for The Hogarth Press a anthology of contemporary Cambridge poetry. It i to include work done by members of the Universit resident in the last three years, and I shall be gl to receive contributions for consideration. Th should be addressed to me at 85 Lancaster Ga W.2. P. A. DINNAGE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mr. Joyce Cary has had the good or ill luck as a novelist of being more reviewed than considered. Each novel, that is to say, has collected a prompt and glowing press, and has then been, not perhaps forgotten, but relegated as the next came along. Thus his writings over twenty years —a dozen or so novels, as well as two narrative poems and several political studies—have piled up success rather than reputation. It may or may not have been an advantage. To be read—that, for any novelist, is the first, encouraging thing.

My own acquaintance with Mr. Cary's novels dates back only a very few months. Like many others who don't get through an enormous quantity of fiction, I happened to have missed his: nothing I had heard or read about Mr. Cary seemed exceptionally inviting. The novel by which I discovered him for myself was *The Horse's Mouth,** and I picked that from a station bookstall in a hurry, remembering how I had once reviewed a war poem of his, *Marching Soldier,* with invigorating qualities. *The Horse's Mouth* wasn't at all a well-behaved book; it seemed both casual and at moments over-written; it chewed onions; it slapped the reader on the back, rather low down; bragging and banging about and nipping along, it helped itself to slices from Blake's Prophetic Books—not the most convertible of sources—and would sprinkle too generously its condiment of Joycean patter; but it didn't clog, didn't bore; I woke up (slumped in the corner of a packed carriage) and began to shake and grin, holding the small print up to my nose as we dived into tunnels.

Occasionally one comes across a book that one both takes to and admires; and for me, among books I had lately enjoyed, *The Horse's Mouth* was this rare find. It is a comic creation; its comedy touches unsuspected nerves. Incipient old age, with its recklessness and eccentricity, and the impossibility of ever being anything but at heart young, provide Mr. Cary with his almost unexplored country. What other author has undertaken this theme? Incidentals in Dickens and Balzac come to mind, there is *Tristram Shandy* (an old man's pirouettings), *Nollekens* also, and—more to the point—Italo Svevo's *The Old Man and the Pretty Young Girl,* with delicious candour unmasking the machinations of an elderly lover. But the affairs, the ravening lusts of the spirit, revelation's last fling? The unappeaseable, blue-nosed, broke, capering ninny who won't—as the limit draws near—compose himself to lie down? Goethe and Verdi produced some of the finest work in advanced age, and Mr. Cary's Gulley Jimpson, threadbare, a genius with the brush, comes hopping out of prison to paint Edens fifteen feet by twelve and Creations ten times that size. One of the book's delights is the ambiguity of this talent; his propelling forces (albeit descended from Blake) are so enormous, his ideas and execution—these leave us in a continual state of trepidation. Is he, we are almost persuaded, a great artist, *the* painter for which the twentieth century has been waiting? Just as we are on the point of believing it, Mr. Cary makes his hero pocket the spoons off someone's mantelpiece or dodge under a horse's belly to evade the eye of an outraged shopkeeper. The "celebrated Gulley Jimpson" enjoys an equivocal, that is to say a comic, greatness.

His adventures, from the morning when, fresh from prison, he gulps down the sights along the Embankment, are told in the first person. This enables Mr. Cary to exploit a vernacular, and to surprise us by revelations and juxtapositions that seem to sit pretty. The apocalyptic vision needs, we soon discover, newspapers wrapped round the shanks against the north-easter; no ignominy but in his, jocularly, almost greedily, received. Jimpson threatens art-collectors from the public 'phone-boxes, coolly (that is the word) curls up in a boat-shed at night, pinches barmaids with names like Coker, finds a threadbare biographer from the U.S.A. along the Chelsea reaches, fights with forks and frying-pans in the local Rowton House, haggles "old masters" out of dealers for the sake of the canvas backs, dreams of walls to paint, finds them, paints them, and almost breaks his neck tumbling down to meet a patron. At his lowest or highest, running from the police, he spends his last shillings on tuppenny views of the seaside which he seals in envelopes.

> I had my eye on the saloon bar, and just then a young man came out.
>
> Nice young man in a blue suit, with dark blue hat, and new shoes. But green silk socks. So I drew up level with him and let my arm touch his and all at once I showed him an envelope and gave him the wink and said, "Want any post-cards, mister? Beauties of Brighton. Nice new views. For artists only. Plain envelope."
>
> "No," he said. "Go away. How much?"
>
> "Five bob to you, sir. They're worth five pounds to a real artist. Art photos."
>
> "Half a crown," he said.
>
> I turned away, but he said quickly, "All right, you old blackguard, hand over."
>
> He gave me two florins and plucked away the envelope. It went into his pocket so quickly that it seemed to vanish in the air. The young man gave me a glance and said, "You get off or I'll call a copper."
>
> I got off. I didn't trust that young man. But I was angry at the mean way he had swindled me.

After selling two more envelopes, to a serious-looking gentleman in patent leather shoes and a fierce spectacled woman with a powdered neck, he sees approaching a resplendent spiv, from whom he quickly asks half a guinea.

> "That's all right, old man," said the duke, "I was looking for you, just step in here." And he took me by the arm and pushed me up an alley. "Fact is," he said, "I've had a complaint."
>
> "Have you?" I said. "Well, look here." And I opened an envelope and showed him my cards. Two local churches and a sunset over the sea. "What's wrong with that?"
>
> "Just what they told me," he said. "Why," he said, taking me by the neck and giving me a poke in the stomach with his knee that nearly broke me in two. "You dirty old crook—you son of a louse. What do you mean by coming here on my pitch and swindling decent people with your filthy tricks. My God," he said, giving me a kick on the kneecap that brought the tears of remorse to my eyes. "You make me sick, you hound. Taking advantage of a lady that you aren't fit to speak to. I've a bloody good mind to set about you, if I wasn't afraid of dirtying my hands." Then he kicked me up and kicked me down; kicked me in the guts and kicked me on the jaw; kicked me into the road and danced on me three or four times. His feet moved so fast one couldn't see them. At last Nosey came up, panting, and shouted for the police. The young gentleman then knocked Nosey down, kicked him five or six times a second for five seconds, and went away in a Daimler limousine, with a liveried chauffeur and a bunch of fresh flowers in the vase.

There you have the flavour—pickled walnuts, dog's-nose, oysters off barrows; and it is the smacking antithesis to the winds and vapours of apocalypse.

I read *The Horse's Mouth* twice; then began, but rather hastily, with professional habits returning, to investigate elsewhere in Cary. If I found nothing again quite so good, a ripely enjoyable novelist emerged. Not one of his dozen novels is less than absorbing. He began with vividly noted, well-shaped novels of tropical Africa, where as an official he had gained an intimate knowledge of natives and Europeans: of these *Mister Johnson* is the best, a minor triumph in the simple-soul order of life history. ("Mister Johnson" is a young negro clerk, whose innocence brings him a delectable wife, grandiose orgies with his friends, happy thieving, and then death from the fatherly white administration.) Then with a change of scene to England—or rather to what was still the British Isles, including Ireland—Cary became engrossed with the family story of complex lives, differing stations and generations, society, masters and servants; *Castle Corner*, the most ambitious of his novels, reanimates a lively decaying Irish countryside, washed by a damp poetry and stirring to the bugle calls of imperialism and rebellion. It should be, considering the expense of talent, not only a packed but an important book; a modern saga to perpetuate an epoch and outlive its genre. Yet somehow it just misses doing that. It—the whole book—doesn't rise out of its detail; which, by the way, is everywhere rich and palpable. Here, one feels, is a writer who can start with people anywhere, who can unfailingly go on, can thrill, surprise, and convince at every turn, and yet whose energies and sympathies in the end have somehow failed to clinch. He runs on unlimited petrol. Amazing! Where has he got it? How many views and visits, and how much nearer, steeper, readier life seems, with a dust and a wind through the county! We come back enchanted, tired with ease, to put this and that together, and wonder perhaps what it has all amounted to. We have made the round; next time, with a change of interests and neighbourhood, we shall make the round again. Emphatically, one wouldn't have missed it.

Mr. Cary has in abundance that most important novelist's gift of bringing minutes, hours, lifetimes alive; if he does without plot, he can weave a web of time and space; his characters talk themselves gaily and ruthlessly on to the page; we get to know odd individuals, sprawling families, dilapidated or well-knit groups, the social climate that determines so many actions like a weather not quite understood; everywhere the energy and sex in people, the glancing surprises of nature, tune up his narrative to a casually high pitch; the pleasure of reading almost any novel of his is such that if we were arrested halfway and asked suddenly to define, we should respond eagerly, "Lawrence with less poetry and more sense," or "An English Duhamel—but twice as alive." That enthusiasm may have leaked away a little by the time we have finished reading, and with a half-sigh of disappointment we may let slip from memory *Castle Corner, A House of Children, The Moonlight, The African Witch,* or *Charley Is My Darling,* among those richly talented near-misses that require only a shade more aim in style, instinct, necessity, or theme; though two at least of these, *Castle Corner* and *Charley is My Darling* jig away in thought so that we shall return to them.

Well, there (if I am at all right) we have the disappointment: a fine exuberance that has taken its place in the queue. In energy of word and invention I doubt if any living novelist can touch Mr. Cary; and having started late, he may yet surpass himself. *The Horse's Mouth* is very nearly, in a Jamesian way of speaking, all there. How curiously in the list of his books, and how typically of Mr. Cary, that impudent scherzo came about! It forms the climax of a trilogy, which is yet far too casually tied together to be anything but three novels, all written in the first person and by different persons. *Herself Surprised* leads off with a Moll-Flandersy narrative about a cook, a scamp of an artist, and a country house. The second novel, *To Be a Pilgrim,* explores the country house through the eyes of an itchy, persecuted old man who peers into dark corridors at the past. Then follows *The Horse's Mouth,* about the artist scamp, lifted by its reckless humour high over the other two, appealing though they are. Well, do they make one book or three? Did Mr. Cary when he began with one intend the next, and going on, did he observe his larger proportions and the pull of this against that and the other? My own impression is that, in this most casual of triptyches, he felt the plenty oozing under his pen and troubled little more. He improvised. Despite the shapeliness of some earlier novels, he has been brilliantly improvising all along, and this has brought him to the place where improvisation counts most. His genius resides in the picturesque and comic. Let go, then, let go! A lifetime's skill in story-telling will do the rest.

G. W. Stonier

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* *The Horse's Mouth.* By Joyce Cary. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

The Horse's Mouth, Herself Surprised, To Be a Pilgrim, Charley is My Darling, and *Castle Corner:* all published by *Michael Joseph,*

FORTY-EIGHT

A Hundred Years of Revolution : 1848 and After. By GEORGE WOODCOCK. *Porcupine Press.* 15*s.*

Anniversaries seem fated to bring forth symposia, and Dr. Woodcock's effort is only one of the crop on 1848, which became inevitable as its centenary approached. Symposia are nearly always disappointing, and there is a hint in Dr. Woodcock's preface to this one that its Editor was the first to feel that disappointment. The book is in two parts, the first containing seven essays, of which the first two, by Dr. Woodcock and Max Beloff respectively, present the facts of 1848 and a lightning survey of the following century, while the last five, by T. A. Jackson, Christopher Hollis, Raymond Postgate, John Hewetson and Hugh Ross Williamson, present respectively the Communist, Catholic, Socialist, Anarchist and Christian Socialist views, either of the revolution of 1848 and its consequences, or of the Communist Manifesto and its consequences. The second part presents nearly 100 extracts describing the events and the setting of 1848-9, illustrating their theories and portraying some of their personalities, from contemporary sources.

These latter make by far the best part of the book. The task of selection must have been immense, for the revolution of 1848, which has often been called the Revolution of the intellectuals, was still more a historians' and a memorialists' revolution, but Dr. Woodcock moves with obvious familiarity among the profusion of histories and memoirs and selects with a judicious eye for illumination. The translations, most of which are his own, are admirable.

It is a pity that the first half of the book fails to hit the same level. Dr. Woodcock's own essay, which is intended as an introduction to the selection of extracts as well as to the essays, is alternately over-simplified and overburdened with detail. Statements like "In France . . . the big business men had ruled under the pretence of a constitutional government," or "Louis Napoleon became the first of the modern dictators, by the use of methods which closely anticipated those of Hitler and Mussolini," no doubt contain more than enough accuracy to make them acceptable to those who know enough not to need them, but they also contain enough falsehood to make them misleading to those who cannot translate them into real terms. Sloganised thinking of this kind may make good propaganda, but it certainly makes bad history. Mr. Postgate's essay, the only good thing in this part of the book, is a lesson on how to avoid precisely this kind of error : it takes half a dozen Marxian catch-phrases and reduces them to the real terms which show how misleading they have now become.

One initial weakness has led to a great deal of unnecessary confusion among the seven essayists. If Dr. Woodcock had made up his mind that the publication of the Communist Manifesto at about the time of the February risings in France was no more than a historical accident, he could have handed Marx over to Mr. Beloff and Mr. Jackson and kept the others to their subject. Dr. Woodcock admits that the Manifesto did not have "any great influence on the events of 1848." Even Mr. Jackson says that it "played only an infinitesimal part in determining the course of events." Both these observations are gross understatements. The truth is that the Manifesto played no part at all for nearly 30 years. It was not until 1871, when the French bourgeois press was searching for a scapegoat for the Commune, and chose Marx for the role for which it had cast Proudhon (with no greater justification) in 1848, that Marx found himself presented with an unmerited notoriety, which he wisely and gratefully accepted. Then, the ideas of the Manifesto began to spread, in a climate infinitely more favourable to them than that of 1848.

Mr. Jackson has no difficulty in accepting this, or something like it. All he has to do is to interpret 1848 in terms of the Manifesto, and he does it with impeccable orthodoxy. It is a pity, though, that, like so many other Communists, he feels compelled to adopt the style along with the ideas of what is always politely referred to as the English translation of the Manifesto. The original was written in Marx's rather academic but undoubtedly vigorous German journalese. Laura Lafargue's French translation showed (as so many French translations from German do) how elegant and lucid it could be made. But the unfortunate "authorised" English translator, Samuel Moore, keeping the syntax, the tight sentence-structure and the overburdened adjectives of the original German, produced an involved and constipated prose, which English Communists have taken over as their standard jargon. Here is one prize specimen from Mr. Jackson : "Firstly, it must be premised that as the bourgeois mode of production is specifically commodity production through the agency of wage-labour, the rise of the bourgeoisie is conditioned upon, and involves not merely the existence of, a proletariat from which to draw this wage-labour, but also, and that progressively, th development of that proletariat in numbers, i social significance, and in self-conscious integrit and solidarity in militant struggle." No wonde the English working-class instinctively preferre the Morris tradition!

For the rest, Mr. Williamson struggles bravel to prove that what mattered most in 1848 was th meeting of Kingsley and Ludlow, and Mr. Hewetson tries equally hard, with some inaccuracy an an air of being only half-convinced himself, t show that the Anarchists really come out of i best in the long run. Dr. Woodcock could hav written this chapter better himself. Mr. Hollis brought in from the Third Programme, show how to play the well-known parlour game o proving Marx wrong from the logic of his own writings. This can be good fun for the long winter evenings, but it requires both more knowledge and more understanding than Mr. Holli has. The analogy between Marxism and Hebrew Messianism is also taken up by Mr. Hollis, who appears not to have known Mr. Bertrand Russell's earlier presentation of the same thesis. Mr Postgate's essay linking the principles of 184 with those of 1789 and seeking incidentally the real lessons of 1848, is what makes thi book worth having. If French Socialists and German Democrats had seen then what Mr. Postgate sees now, that "Nothing returns in time history never repeats itself," they might hav avoided the error of preparing fifty years late for 1795 and 1789 all over again.

W. PICKLES

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PUTNAM

brief years of his life between 1752 and 1770. His literary forgeries deceived Walpole, his political satires enchanted Wilkes, and his lyrical verses were early heralds of the Romantic Revival. Some recognition he had, but no reward, unless it were eightpence or a shilling for a poem that became the talk of London.

Several biographers have written long dull books about Chatterton's short and interesting life. An oddly irrelevant controversy about his chastity diverted others from their proper study. Still, there are several good biographies, and it was hardly to be expected that a new one would have anything new to say. Mr. Cranstoun Nevill's book is meant to entertain the general reader, and as such it should succeed in spite of occasional bad writing. As a biographer Mr. Nevill is neither a psychologist nor a moralist, which is just as well, since Chatterton has engaged the attention of such specialists before. Mr. Nevill is a novelist and he writes an *eventful* biography. It is not in a class with Meyerstein's, for instance, but it tells the story fully and with vigour, and what is more unusual in books about this poet, the author's approach is commendably impartial.

Mr. Nevill acknowledges that Chatterton spent the greater part of his life in another world than that of eighteenth-century reality. His childhood was passed under the spell of a mediaeval church in Bristol, St. Mary Redcliffe. For nearly two centuries the Chatterton family had been sextons there, and it was an uncle who set the course of the poet's life by giving him access to a store of ancient manuscripts in the muniment room of the church. Brooding over these documents from infancy, Chatterton became so familiar with the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that he identified his own life with those times. In and around that old church, Chatterton wove his fantasies. He invented its high priest and poet, one "Thomas Rowley", who was supposed to have flourished in the reign of Edward IV. Thus he began his astonishing forgeries. Coats of arms were emblazoned on old parchment, poems were written, "translated" by Chatterton "from the Saxon", or "copied" from the "original" manuscript of Rowley and embellished with learned-looking notes.

Chatterton persuaded the most experienced antiquaries that the documents were genuine, and it was only when Gray and Mason detected literary anomalies that the great Horace Walpole ceased to delight in them. Mr. Nevill's book suggests that Walpole's attitude to Chatterton was governed throughout by his snobbery. Something of a fraud himself, Walpole was not excessively indignant at being hoodwinked; but he could not forgive Chatterton for belonging to the lower orders. Chatterton wrote originally in the style and hand of a gentleman. When, in response to Walpole's courteous interest in his antiquities, the young man ventured to explain his humble situation and to inquire if more congenial employment might be found for him, Walpole coldly

> undeceived him about (his) being a person of any interest, and urged that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, (Chatterton) ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and . . . that when he should have made a fortune he might unbend himself with the studies more consonant to his inclinations.

Chatterton thought otherwise, and in spite of this discouragement he set off in April, 1770, to make his fortune in London. In July he wrote to his sister to boast of his successes:

> Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance: my company is courted everywhere; and, could I humble myself, to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great: State matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu.

However skilled at forgery, Chatterton was not a good liar. His sister must have guessed that this letter was not true and that things were going badly with him. Chatterton did better than many another newcomer to London journalism, but the shillings he earned were not enough to keep him in the coffee houses, let alone provide him with meals. Hunger finally defeated him.

In August, 1770, four months after he had come to London, Chatterton went to his lodgings with a bottle of arsenic in his pocket. He sat for a little time before his landlady's fire. She offered him food, for she knew he had not eaten for two days. He was too proud to accept, but when he rose he kissed her—a thing, she afterwards said, he had never done before. He went up to his room "stamping on every stair as if he would break it". Three days later his body was taken in a shell to a workhouse burial ground and laid, without any mark or inscription, in a pauper's grave. Ironically, at just that time, the President of St. John's College, Oxford, was sending help and encouragement to Chatterton at Bristol.

Honour came a few years later, with the new generation of Romantic poets. Chatterton became Coleridge's idol, Wordsworth's "marvellous boy", and the romantically minded have cherished his personality, if not his poetry, ever since. Puritan critics have sought to curb this harmless adoration by moral censure: the Rev. Michael Lort called Chatterton depraved, debauched and profligate; Hall Caine dismissed him as a blackguard. Even so recent a writer as the late Forrest Reid abandoned his project to write a life of Chatterton when he found the poet's morals were not such as he approved of.

Mr. Nevill's praise of Chatterton is not excessive; neither does he take possession of his reader's conscience. Of all the books on Chatterton his is certainly the most judicious. Unhappily his style is sometimes less like that of a judge than of a jury foreman. Avenues are explored, events commence, and hazardous courses are embarked upon. Sometimes the limp phrases swell into such flabby utterance as this:

> In his lonely London garret (Chatterton) died undefeated, convinced that though he found the world too ugly and too difficult a place to endure any longer, his work would live. In him the dreamer and the realist were not warring and disruptive forces, but complemental parts of the same entity, as light and darkness, though the antitheses of each other, may be complemental portions of a single day.

It is strange that a man who has written so shrewd an account of Chatterton's life should make such a trivial comment on his death. A few well chosen words were never more out of place.

MAURICE CRANSTON

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and the blockmakers and printers concerned in these various books have shown care and skill. If poverty forbids the purchase of all, the choice will depend, not on the slight variations in merit between one set of reproductions and another, nor on the slight differences in learning between the different art-historians, but on whether the needs of the occasion are best met by Rembrandt, Aubrey Beardsley or Hogarth, or by an anthology chosen from works by a dozen different masters.

The two hundred and ninety-two drawings by Rembrandt reproduced in the first of these books are all of great interest. A few merely because experts believe them to be the work of Rembrandt; some because they shed light on the mind of a great man; many because they are among the acknowledged masterpieces of the world. The quiet little landscapes of very ordinary places are as moving in their way as the humble men and women in his scenes from the New Testament or his sketch of his wife carrying a protesting child upstairs to bed. But the nature of Rembrandt's drawings is well known; those who know it will want this book. The reproductions are the same size as the originals; the catalogue volume gives us a useful account of them; Dr. Otto Benesch supplies introduction telling us what use Rembrandt made of chalk and pen and paint-brush, and providing comments on the changes—sometimes gradual, sometimes sudden—that the experts have observed in his style. The one drawback to this book is the translator, who has allowed an unpleasant Germanic style to creep into his English.

The same is true of the introduction to the book of drawings from the Albertina, though here the translator is perhaps less at fault than Dr. Walter Ueberwasser, whose rhapsodical manner is not to the British taste. The reproductions—in colour—are however excellent and show us how Raphael drew in black chalk, Dürer in silverpoint, Watteau in sanguine, and a Dutchman in sepia and white on a piece of blue paper. The choice of drawings is a little unexpected. We do not get Dürer's famous hare nor his equally famous leaves of grass; we get instead a beautiful Ruisdael and a page of compositional scribbling by Veronese. Among the twenty-eight drawings reproduced is Rubens' portrait of his son Nicholas, a Claude, a Clouet, and two Michaelangelos. What an astonishing collector Count Albert was!

The two books on Hogarth are an odd and unfortunate coincidence. No book on Hogarth's drawings had ever been published, and suddenly we have two, both good. The delightful ease and fluency of Hogarth's sketches in oil paint are only occasionally found in his drawings, most of which are careful and matter-of-fact, intended for methodical engraving on wood or copper; sometimes however he drew with the vivacity and freedom of a Fragonard or a Tiepolo. Perhaps there were once many drawings of this kind but only a few have survived; they form an interesting contrast to the work he did for the engravers and to the studies from life which complete the hundred and twenty drawings reproduced by Mr. Oppé and the eighty in the book by Messrs. Ayrton and Denvir.

Hogarth sometimes drew for engravers; Beardsley always did. But Beardsley's engravers were not the skilled, laborious craftsmen in metal or wood who multiplied Hogarth's designs; they were men who manipulated the new photographic process blocks. Aubrey Beardsley was the first serious artist to draw for photographic reproduction, and, as one looks gloomily through more recent illustrated books it is difficult to dismiss the idea that he was also the last. Of course, artists since Beardsley have produced admirable illustrations with the help of process blocks, but they so often appear to be happily going their own way, leaving blockmakers to struggle after them as well as they can. Beardsley was not like this, he took the process block as it was, a line-block, incapable of printing anything but a solid black and a virgin white, and from these austere elements he created an astonishing variety of designs. In *The Best of Beardsley* we see again his powers of design, his almost excessive purity of line, the strange way in which he could make a plain white or black area suggest modelling and even colour. If these are well represented in this book we cannot perhaps complain if less attractive characteristics have also crept in—a smell of something a little over-ripe, certain art-nouveau lapses of taste, an occasional confusion or over-elaboration. Could two human temperaments differ more than Rembrandt's and Beardsley's? Yet both, in their very different degrees, were artists, and both, with very different purposes, drew.

STEPHEN BONE

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WAR CRIMES IN THE FAR EAST

The Trial of Gozawa Sadaichi. Volume III of the War Crimes Series. Edited by COLIN SLEEMAN. *Hodge.* 18*s.*

For two and a half years Captain Gozawa Sadaichi commanded the Japanese prison camp on Babel Thuap, a volcanic island 600 miles north of New Guinea. It was staffed by a company of sixty Japanese soldiers known as the Gozawa Butai. The company had four sections; and Captain Gozawa, who personally commanded one of them and was responsible for the others, was, in fact, dominated by his Adjutant, Lieutenant Nakamura, who commanded the Third Section. For flogging and starving Indian prisoners of war taken when Singapore fell, Gozawa and eight other men are now back at Singapore serving long prison sentences. For beheading with his sword a refractory Indian prisoner who was said to be planning an escape, Nakamura was hanged at Changi Gaol on March 14th, 1946.

This new volume in the "War Crimes Trials" series is a carefully compiled documentary of the trial that ended in those sentences, the first to be held in the Far East. (It is volume III in the series; the compilation of volume II, the Belsen Trial, has proved so enormous a task that it has lost its intended place in this remarkable publishing programme.)

The Trial of Gozawa Sadaichi may not do much to calm the misgivings of those who still doubt the expediency of indicting the war criminals on the losing side. No one could fail to be impressed by the skill and integrity with which the defence was conducted by Colonel Colin Sleeman, barrister-at-law (who edits this book), and Major Alan Fairbairn. But because many readers will, I believe, remain uneasy about certain features of the trial, they will begin again to doubt whether these trials are justifiable at all. Their doubts may have been deepened by the recent news that the International Military Tribunal at Tokyo, which has sentenced Tojo and six other Japanese generals to death by hanging

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and eighteen Japanese statesmen to long terms of imprisonment, refused to make known the terms of dissenting judgments put in by the judges from France, the Netherlands, and India. Even the President of the Court, Sir William Webb, strongly deprecated hanging "these old men" while the Emperor, who was primarily responsible, has not even been prosecuted.

But it can at least be said, now that the great Tokyo trial is over and Foreign Minister Shigemitsu, one of the 24 defendants, has gone to prison for seven years for failing to investigate the ill-treatment of war prisoners, that the Gozawa prisoners have not been treated as scapegoats.

The feeling of uneasiness with which you close this book may be a consequence of the fact that it is edited by the man who defended the prisoners, brilliantly but (with one exception) unsuccessfully. What went wrong with the defence? You turn the pages back, and the doubts remain. You can always feel like this when the course of a trial is described by the side that lost. What went wrong?

Colonel Sleeman had an embarrassing decision to take when he came to the question whether or not to put his clients in the witness-box. He put them in. No one dare suggest that that was wrong, but they all let him down pitifully—Colonel Lazarus, cross-examining for the prosecution, must have felt like a man shooting at sitting birds. Despite the conviction that has established itself so firmly beneath pith helmets in the past 100 years that all Orientals are consummate and skilful liars, the prisoners in this case lied and contradicted each other with the ingenuousness of frightened children.

Then there was the identification by photographs.

> The photographs of the prisoners showed them full-face only, wearing head-dress and in several cases adorned with moustachios and beards. The confusion shown in the witness-box by their British Commanding Officer when he was asked to pick out individuals from amongst a group of shorn, clean-shaven prisoners in the dock was pitiable. In all cases which followed the Gozawa case great care was taken to photograph prisoners both full-face and in profile, and to ensure that they were hatless and clean-shaven.

By Old Bailey standards, therefore, the Gozawa prisoners were not even identified; they were just ten Japs. As if to give point to this consideration, photographs of all the prisoners are inserted at intervals in this book, in pairs. They all look like an archetypal Japanese to me. Another point is that this trial seems to have been rushed on in order to placate sections of the Indian population who were demonstrating because a number of "Indian National Army" leaders were on trial as collaborationists. Colonel Sleeman had *four days* in which to prepare the defence of ten men who (with the exception of Gozawa) spoke no English! Two of them were on trial for their lives. One of them has been hanged.

Gozawa himself, however, is a surprised but far from dissatisfied man. He shares Colonel Sleeman's astonishment, apparently, that he escaped hanging, since he had a direct responsibility for the beheading of the Indian prisoner. Perhaps the aptest comment on the whole trial is his own remark to his Counsel that, if the Japanese had won, allied war criminals would have been shot out of hand as their captors thought fit. Our own *Regulations for the Trial of War Criminals* are like the rules of cricket compared with this. C. H. ROLPH

THE AUTHOR MAKES GOOD

Men of Letters and the English Public in the Eighteenth Century. By ALEXANDRE BELJAME. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

In this book M. Beljame described the social and financial progress of the Author over a period of sixty years with the clarity and precision that we now take for granted in the scholars of France. First published in 1881, his book now re-appears with an introduction and notes by Mr. Bonamy Dobrée. If we read *The Men of Letters and the English Public in the Eighteenth Century* as a narrative, we get a clearer picture of the subject than if we were to regard it as a work of erudition and instruction. We can take M. Beljame's knowledge, ushered in by Mr. Dobrée's notes and foreword, as a matter of course and putting aside admiration, envy and respect, we may follow the progress of the Author in England as a composite figure. Let us imagine that this man, the symbol of all the writers whose achievements have been so brilliantly assessed, was born in 1640 and died in 1720, after a literary career of sixty years. His greatest difficulty during the reign of Charles II was to keep alive, for he had to compete with the Court wits whose talents were equal and, in some cases, superior to his own and who could afford to wait for the mood of the moment and the inspiration of topical events: but he managed to get over this by finding a patron—or a series of patrons—and by writing for the theatre which "spared no trouble or expense to delight its audiences." He had to be extremely adaptable, for the audiences were captious, critical and easily bored; so he trained himself to look out for novelties from France, Italy and Spain, to "work in," as we should now call it, with scene-painters, musicians, engineers and opera-singers and to be daringly topical without being treasonably offensive. Of course he grumbled; his prologues and epilogues were full of acid complaints. But these were ignored: for his aristocratic and royal patrons had set the fashion and he must follow it, or starve. He therefore rehashed Shakespeare, stole from Molière, Racine and Mlle de Scudéry and, after years of toil, was often ruined by a troupe of marionettes, a rival playwright or the caprice of a Court lady. In 1680 his income was still "small and precarious" and all that he could count on getting from the successful production of a play was £70. He had "neither money nor honour—but what else could he expect?" says M. Beljame severely.

With the outbreak of the Popish Plot the news-book came into prominence: our Author became part pamphleteer, part propagandist and his value rose, though here again he found a rival, this time in the fashionable preacher, whose sermons were apt to deal solely with politics. By the end of James II's reign the theatre was in eclipse and the Author had plunged into the intricacies of religious controversy; now his services were better appreciated and paid, for the literate public realised at last that he "was capable of being something more than an amusement-monger." Rival politicians began to bid for his work, and he had the chance, if he was fortunate and discriminating in his output, of devilling for a minister of state. "He was being courted, and could afford to lie back and enjoy the wooing." The result was a further improvement in his income and therefore in his manners; he was able to dictate literary fashion instead of following it. The rather monotonous obscenity of his earlier work gave way to a subtler wit and a less childish sense of drama. The theatre was cleaned up and the birth of the literary journal followed the abolition of the censorship. The success of *The Spectator* and *The Tatler* raised and established the Author's income again, and in August, 1712, Swift told Stella that "Grub Street was dead and gone." The Author had now become a literary critic and had as large a circle of toadies as the aristocrat who was still, in spite of appearances, his patron. The patron of the early eighteenth century no longer treated the Author as an in-

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ferior but received him as a friend and supported him as an ally. By this time Jacob Tonson, the first English publisher, had laid the foundations of his own and his authors' fortunes. A few years later the Author was a rich, revered and respectable man; he dedicated his books to whomsoever he pleased, could afford to refuse a pension, was received as an equal by the highest society in England and able, if he so desired, to absent himself from the political arena.

So we leave him, established, independent, famous, crowned with honours, flattered by those before whom he had had to prostrate himself in the stinking *coulisses* of the Theatre Royal and the draughty ante-rooms of Whitehall. This is a success-story: and no one could have told it better or more convincingly than M. Beljame, whose work seems to have lost nothing in translation.

The nineteenth century does not fall within M. Beljame's scope. But may we look, if only for a moment, at the twentieth-century descendant of his hero of two and a half centuries ago? The Author, as a composite figure, has disappeared. Everybody, roughly speaking, writes a bit and makes money by doing so. The professional writer is doomed, like the girl in the fairy-story, to foot it in a perpetual *pas de trois* with the publisher and that hybrid product of the age, the literary agent. Behind these is dimly seen the figure of the reviewer, who is sometimes ostentatiously tee-heeing up his sleeve and sometimes disappearing through a trap-door with one of the principals in a burst of red smoke. The publisher, a simple, kindly enthusiast, never quite realises that he is walking a tight-rope over a snake-pit: he has not plumbed the depths of the writer's vanity, gullibility and greed. The agent, a highly trained, wary and cynical athlete, knows all the dangers, calls each snake by its pet-name and, for the purposes of his trade, has concocted two disguises; the first, in which he confronts the writer, is that of Nanny ("Of course, you're a genius. . . . Certainly, tell your solicitor—but drink up this nice cocktail first, there's a good boy. . . ."): the second, assumed for the publisher, that of Faithful John. ("Is that Ostrogoth and Dwyer? . . . Give me Mr. Smith. . . . Look here, old man, I've got Hilda Unthank to accept that 25 per cent. reduction. . . . Not at all. . . . If I were you I should keep out of her way for a bit. . . .") And the writer? He throngs our cities in his teeming millions: he surges over the countryside; his wailings, his vituperations, his ecstacies and his boasting deafen us, whether from the pub, the cottage, the manor-house, the clinic or the caravan. We can never get away from him: and he can never get away from himself. HESTER W. CHAPMAN

OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden. By DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR. *Max Parrish. 6s.*

To crowd the two hundred-odd years of a playhouse's history into seventy pages calls for discrimination; to achieve it elegantly, without "listing," calls for wit. Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor, as readers of this journal already know, can provide both; and since he has applied them equally to the selection of the seven delightful colour prints and the twenty-eight black and white illustrations; and since the publishers responded with good reproductions and an agreeable format, *Covent Garden* makes an admirable memento for opera-goers.

For it is the opera house that the author is chiefly concerned with. He only skims the early days of the Macreadys, the Kembles, the Siddons, trailing behind him a tantalising selection of the amusing legends and tales that have grown up around those days; one of the nicest being Kitty Clive's answer to Peg Woffington, who was congratulating herself on her performance as MacHeath—a role often taken at that time by the ladies.

> "I believe," said Peg with complacency, "that one-half of the audience took me for a man." "Don't be uneasy," replied her rival, "you are satisfied the other half knew the contrary."

Concerts, ballad plays, oratorio and adaptations of opera found their place in the miscellaneous early programme before Covent Garden settled down to being exclusively an opera house. Those who complain of our present artistic standards might draw some comfort (if the sight of the misfortunes of others ever relieved our own) from the odd messes which were served up at this time as opera, though this was not confined to London. "The conception of opera as a unified and inviolable work of art," says Mr. Shawe-Taylor, "hardly takes shape until the appearance of Wagner." But even so, the standard of production and performance was evidently very low—even after 1850, when the period of "adaptations" and "additional numbers" was past. Patti, for instance,

> had a clause in all her later contracts which absolves her from appearance at any rehearsal whatsoever—and took full advantage of it; so that she occasionally had to be pointed out from the wings to minor artistes who had not sung with her before, and were now obliged to accost the unfamiliar *Diva* from the wings and engage her in a duet.

It is from the 'nineties that the Golden Age of opera is dated. And it is to the singers of that age particularly that the older devotees hark back with an amazed nostalgia. Nor can this be wished away as being simply the ever-recurring petulant regret of the ageing for their vanished past; there are gramophone records to substantiate their memories. Plançon, for instance, Schumann-Heink, Battistini and Lilli Lehmann—these demonstrate the superiority even though they only recorded when past their prime; and then one can add the Edwardian idols: Caruso, Melba, Tetrazzini. Back to these peaks we look across a smaller intervening range—the advent of the Russian Ballet, "perhaps the most significant single artistic event in the first half of our century."

Our smaller eminence, in staging and in mounting, in which at least we can claim some superiority, is probably traceable to this influence—and to Sir Thomas Beecham, who after the Great War enormously widened the repertoire. But important as decor and production are, opera, Mr. Shawe-Taylor sternly reminds us, is primarily *sung*. And what we lack now is voices. Voices and money. The Great Days were supported by Society and the millionaires, of which there was always one ready to lose his fortune for love of opera. Both are now vanishing, or have vanished. What the next step may be is as problematic for opera as for everything else, and Mr. Shawe-Taylor wisely refrains from prediction.

RICHARD LISTER

MORE FOR THE CHILDREN

The Treasure of Li-Po. By ALICE RITCHIE. *Hogarth Press. 6s.*

Mrs. Leicester's School. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. *Harvill Press. 6s.*

Countess Kate. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. *Faber. 10s. 6d.*

The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch. By TALBOT BAINES REED. *Watergate. 6s.*

Vote for Richard. By LESLIE BREWER. *Art & Education. 5s.*

A Chicken for Christmas. By JO HATCHER. *Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.*

Buttercup Trail. By RICHARD STRACHEY. *Witherby. 6s.*

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MUSEUM PRESS LTD

Barnaby in Search of a House. By Racey Helps. *Collins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Grey Rabbit and the Wandering Hedgehog. By Alison Uttley. *Collins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Wily Fox and the Christmas Party. By David Severn. *Bodley Head.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Books being many and space limited, I have started by eliminating those which "re-tell" such authors as Hans Andersen—a vile kind of pre-digestion; those with a basic vocabulary of about forty words, half of them American; and Empire stories about white children and faithful or faithless comic natives. It may be objected that a feudal squire or so can be found in these columns. All I will say is that the question of colour, unlike that of rank, has not yet become Period. More regretfully have I set aside a number of pleasant and conciliatory stories, all written in the humble modern fashion of appeasing the young, and all very much alike. Those which are left seem to me examples of good and sometimes very good story-telling; at their various levels they are all worth reading.

The Treasure of Li-Po, indeed, is a discovery. It contains no more than six stories, but these are told with such wit and goodwill that they should never be allowed to go out of print. "Nothing is luckier than to be the child of a fox," begins a tale, which then recounts how such a one prevailed on the handsome, lazy student to work for his examination. This is the wittiest story. In another, an old couple find a pot which doubles anything put inside. Two cabbages, two purses—that's very well, but what happens when the husband also falls in? This is the most ingenious. And the most beautiful is the title story, or perhaps the one that follows it.

Coleridge called *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1808) "a rich jewel in the treasury of our permanent English literature," and though the metaphor seems too gorgeous for this quiet and charming book, we must wish that Mary Lamb had been able to give less time to mantua-making and more to writing. For she shows herself here as a gifted and imaginative story-teller with a clear, unmannered prose style, quite distinct from that of her brother. The story begins one evening, when ten little girls, newly arrived at a boarding school, are encouraged by a kind governess to relate some anecdote in their lives as they sit round the fire. One describes her father's remarriage; another the return of her sailor uncle, who finds her happily learning her letters from her mother's tombstone; another, Miss Louisa Manners, aged seven, a month in the country.

> I looked upon the naked ground, and perceived what we had lost in those few merry days. Ladies, would you believe it, every flower, blue-bells, daffodils, buttercup, daisies, all were cut off by the cruel scythe of the mower.

And there is a strange, delightful story of a lonely child who finds in a library a pretty book called *Mahometanism Explained*, and becomes, for a week or two, a Mahometan. The physician cures her by prescribing a visit to the fair, where "his kind lady let me stay as long as I pleased at the booths and gave me many things which she saw I particularly admired." Afterwards, "she played with me all the evening at a geographical game, which she also bought for me at this cheerful fair."

Do parents need to be introduced to Talbot Baines Reed? He was a writer who never expected you to take anything on trust; if a boy was supposed to be witty, foolish or a bad poet you were given examples of his wit, foolishness, or bad poetry. *The Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch* (his first book, published in 1880) has the vitality though not the brilliant humour and characterisation of *The Fifth Form at St. Dominics,* which I should have preferred to see reprinted. But it covers a wider ground, and this may be why Mr. Betjeman, who edits the series, has chosen it. For, besides the school (post-Rugby, pre-Greyfriars), the scenes include the racecourse where the flash fellow and the weak invariably lose their money, the London of hansom cabs and ragged boys sleeping in doorways, Oxford of the 1870s, a seaport prison (Reed was a journalist), the subaltern's India and the Relief of Lucknow. We may note also his success in making goodness good and sin unattractive. He does this in so forthright a way that the most cynical child, though irritated by the lack of *savoir-faire* of the moral waverer, can hardly help approving of the success of the decent, priggish fellow, and of the downfall and repentance of the bounder.

Miss Yonge's *Countess Kate* (1862), in a prettily produced new edition, may be safely and pleasurably read even in progressive homes. For, though it has much the same plot as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, it might serve as a counterblast to that horribly fascinating book. There is nothing of Cedric (was that his name?)—no golden curls or aristocratic ways—about the wild, untidy, bookish Kate, who inherits the title and leaves her parsonage home at the age of ten. And what a sad contrast she makes to the well-bred daughters of Lord de la Poer!

> Why, Grace and I always dress ourselves, except for the evening. Let me help you. Are not those your boots?

True, Kate could be luckier in her governess, a lady with "afflictions" and "the saddest face she had ever seen." But one wishes that her austere author had allowed her, besides brains and honesty, a little more charm, and that Mrs. Raverat in her otherwise delightful illustrations, had given her a more likeable kind of plainness. For, stripped of its frills this book is a very able character study. The frills, though, I hastily add—the interiors, the etiquette, the clothes, the London scenes—could ill be spared.

Moving nearly a hundred years onward, I have here two subversive books which I dare not recommend to parents, but uncles and other irresponsibles might make a careful note of them. Neither has that insipid alliance, so fashionable to-day, between parents and children. *Vote for Richard* (whose author, I see, was once a headmaster) suggests with appalling indiscretion what children might achieve by using up-to-date tactics. In this extremely funny book, Richard and his friends, oppressed by many injustices and encouraged by a Suffragette aunt, form a Children's Party. Miserable boys like the one who has to wheel a pram with twins, violent ones like the initiator of the Commando section, with the motto: *Bash on, regardless!*, pages and errand boys and, of course, girls join in—all but a reactionary group called the Goodie-Goodies, who go about with such placards as "It's Not Done to be Naughty" and "Our Sympathy to Teachers and Parents." What happens after Richard secures Votes for Children and becomes an M.P., we are not told. *A Chicken for Christmas* is a well-told, unusual sleuthing story which involves (besides chicken thieves) several large families of unpampered country children and their hot-tempered fathers who, we are glad to see, are thoroughly out of countenance at the end.

Here is an author who knows that the proper equipment for a trip to fairyland is: no caution, no surprise. The two children and a cat of *Buttercup Trail*, a brisk fantasy for eight-year-olds, are well fitted for their adventures, for the book abounds in magic white and black. I was particularly pleased with the ball on All Witches' Eve, a great occasion, when "weird guests were expected from all corners of the world." These include not only trolls, hobgoblins and such, but a djinn from Arabia that has to be uncorked from its bottle. The youngest children should approve of three small books: *Barnaby in Search of a House* (a mouse story) for its pictures, *Grey Rabbit and the Wandering Hedgehog* for its

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MACDONALD

hedgehog, and *Wily Fox and the Christmas Party* for its party. These have, in their slight way, surprise, kindliness, and plenty of detailed illustrations.

NAOMI LEWIS

Herbert Morrison. By MAURICE EDELMAN
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A popular biography of a political leader, written by a young M.P., of the same Party a year or so before a General Election, is not likely to err on the side of brutality. But Mr. Edelman must be congratulated on avoiding both the platitudinous and the sycophantic. He has an easy, happy style, and the story he tells is genuine. It is a story of a cockney who began life as an errand boy and climbed to the top of the political ladder without rank, money or even a powerful union to help him. "Herbie," a rescue worker said during the blitz, "is all right. Though he has got brains and all that, he stuck to his own people," and that impression Mr. Morrison continues to give whether he is at Buckingham Palace or a Labour Party Conference. The long series of photographs, published in this book, show him at every stage of his remarkable career; we see him as a pathetic little boy in a Fauntleroy suit, as an earnest young student, as a rather cocky Labour Party secretary, as a top-hatted figure, who is Member for Hackney and Minister of Transport in 1929, as Home Secretary during the war, and finally as Lord President of the Council who goes with his constituents on an outing to Southend to eat cockles and whelks.

Week-end Competitions

No. 983

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a fable in sixteen lines of verse, entitled The Gift. Entries by Dec. 28.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 980

Set by D. Yates Mason

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION contains no "Heart-and-Home" column. Competitors are invited to provide the raw material for such a feature by submitting any baffling personal problem that has particular application to the higher intelligence groups in contemporary society, together with a brief reply. Limit of 150 words.

Report by D. Yates Mason

Newspapers today are increasingly taking over the priestly functions of confessor and mentor (one foresees history students ages hence without apparent incongruity naming Ann Temple as the twentieth-century primate), indeed it is the fine literary art that now distinguishes such journalistic features that suggested this competition.

Few competitors, alas, approached anywhere near the standard set by Miss Temple herself either in the plaintive cogency of the queries (each, one suspects, a masterly précis) or in the streamlined, yet kindly, omniscience of the replies. Even the Old Guard of competitors fell sadly short here. (Have they been dodging their Heart-and-Home columns all these years? If so, what treats they have missed.) Only Fergie came up to scratch with an entry for which I recommend that he should share a first prize of four guineas with Peter Alexander. A second prize of one guinea goes to P. J. Terry for being witty and brief, with the remaining guinea divided between H. V. S. Page, and N. G. T.

Q. My sixteen-year-old daughter persistently washes herself and combs her hair, refuses to wear sandals in the street, reads Dickens quite openly, eats flesh with apparent enjoyment, and runs hearty boy-friends who laugh at the furniture. She plays Debussy on the piano as if to spite me, paints horrid pretty watercolours, and turns my Roualt nudes to the wall, calling them porny pictures. She has taken to going to bed before midnight. Her latest is to suggest that I should marry her mother. What am I to do with her?

A. She is just trying to shock you by "being different." She will learn in time that nothing but contempt and ridicule can come of these affectations. Meanwhile, hard though it may be, try not to "notice."

FERGIE

Q. My small daughter is seven years old. We have always done our best to bring her up sensibly. She is conversant with the principal methods of contraception, understands the sexual basis of her desires and emotions and is familiar with the Freudian explanation of dreams, myths and fairy tales. Unfortunately Freud has proved powerless in one direction—we have failed utterly to shake her belief in Father Christmas. Can you help us?

A. Yours is an interesting case. You have been too assiduous in your attentions to the child. Undoubtedly she reasons that disbelief in Father Christmas is a mere rationalization of the desire not to be too much attached to gifts and money. Her belief is, *in fact,* a rationalization of her desire to appear worldly-wise enough to desire not to appear so. The only resolution of the conflict lies in *your* coming to a belief in Father Christmas.

PETER ALEXANDER

Dear Uncle Turnstile,—My friends are all dropping me because my father *will* tell them that the Sadler's Wells Ballet cannot dance. What can I do?

Terpsichore, S.W.16.

Terpsichore,—Your trouble is probably due to your father's advanced age and nostalgia for the days of Diaghilev. If you must make friends at the Ballet you would be wiser not to introduce them to your father. Has it occurred to you that your father *may be right?*

Uncle Turnstile.

R. J. TERRY

Q. During the summer holidays my son John, aged sixteen, developed a passion for our Bosnian maidservant. Following his return to Sparetherod Hall Anna was bewildered by a series of love letters John sent her, signed "Puero-Critic," and also by a parcel containing a jar of sour milk curds mixed with bacteria culture—"to remind her of home."

He now writes to ask if he may spend his Christmas holiday with Anna, and urges me to reserve accommodation for the liaison at an hotel near Twickenham.

I have never thwarted John's expression in any of its major developments, and wonder if I should do so now. My husband is the adopted Labour candidate for a dormitory suburb. The girl herself is complaisant, but would prefer Elstree to Twickenham. What do you advise?

A. I think your husband should change his constituency.

H. V. S. PAGE

Q. After three years of happy marriage, my husband, a stolid Civil Servant, suddenly confessed to me of his polyeroticism and an affair with another woman. Thinking he ought to get her out of his system, I consented to her living with us. Soon, his mistress and I discovered our common political interests and our friendship grew until, following my introduction, she became secretary of the local Fabian group. My husband now complains of her lack of affection and puts the blame on me. He even threatens to apply for a transfer to the Control Commission in Germany, where, he says, his instincts will have freer rein. Alas, I still love him and could not bear this move. What more can I do?

A. Clearly it is your husband's turn to compromise. Have an intimate chat with his mistress who might still use her influence over him. Failing this, why not try to get *him* interested in Fabianism? He will surely not then wish to work in the Control Commission.

N. G. T.

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UNIV. of Durham. King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Joint Dept. of Psycho- gical Medicine of King's Coll. Medical School d Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon- yne. The Council of King's College invite pplics. for post of Lecturer in Applied Psy- ology in above Dept. A degree in Psychology its equiv. is essential. Salary rises by annual crements of £25 to max. of £850. Com- encing salary of successful applicant will be ed at point on that scale in accordance with qualifics. and exp., but will not, in any se, be less than £500. Applics., tog. with mes of 3 persons to whom reference may be ade, should be addressed to G. R. Hanson, egistrar of King's College, from whom rther partics. may be obtained, by Dec. 31.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Senior Programme Assistant, to act as deputy to Pro- amme Organiser, in Italian Section of the uth European Service, Overseas Services. uties of post include taking charge of the ction in absence of the Programme Organiser, pervising day-to-day administrative details, ocation of duties to the Programme Assis- nts, and editing, initiating and writing ripts. A thorough knowledge of Italian lan- age essential. Candidates should also have good kndge. of modern Italy and of the eco- mic and political developments in that coun- . Starting sal. £680 (may be higher if quali- s. and exp. are exceptional), rising by £45 £995 max. Detailed applics. to Appoint- ents Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Italian P.A. N. Stn.," within days. For acknowledgement enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Greek Monitor in Monitoring Service at Caver- am, nr. Reading. Duties consist of reporting radio transmissions in Greek of which lan- age a complete idiomatic grasp is essential. od knowledge of Greek current political ents is also necessary. Starting sal. £470 ay be higher if qualifics. and exp. are ex- ptional), rising by £30 to £680 max. De- iled applics. to Appointments Officer, Broad- sting House, London, W.1, marked "Greek onitor, N. Stn." within 7 days. For ac- owledgement enclose s.a.e.

WEST Riding C.C. Educ. Cttee. req. a Junior Examiner in Arithmetic for e County Examination for Selection for condary Schools. Person appointed will be qd. to assist the Chief Examiner in marking d scrutiny. Part-time service from about arch 1, 1949, to May 31, 1949, is involved. uring part of this period, attendance at ounty Hall, Wakefield, will be necessary out 3 times a week. Applicants must have d considerable teaching exp. and should pref. ve had exp. of similar examination work. rther partics. and applic. form from Chief duc. Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

CIVIL Service Commission. An Open Competition will be held in 1949 for recruit- ent under Normal Regulations to Special epartmental Classes (i.e. H.M. Inspector of xes; Departmental Class (Cadet Grade), in. of Labour and National Service; Proba- nary Assistant Postal Controllers; Research sistants, Ministry of Defence). There will two methods of recruitment, Method I mprehensive written exam. plus an inter- w, Method II written qualifying exam. llowed by personal tests and interview; for ethod II candidates will be reqd. to have tained (or to obtain in 1949) university de- e, but this will be waived for certain can- dates who have had regular service in H.M. rces. Age limits 20½-24 on the 1st Aug., 49, with extension for regular service in M. Forces, and, up to two years, for volun- y service in H.M. Forces otherwise than regular engagement or for compulsory tional service under National Service Acts. ndidates at least 24 and under 30 on Aug. 1, 49, may at Commissioners' discretion be ad- tted to compete under Method II if they ve exp. in employment in industry or social rk particularly fitting them for posts in inistry of Labour and Natl. Service. Regu- ions and partics. are obtainable on applic. ef. by postcard) to the Sec., Civil Service mmission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, .1, quoting No. 2326. Latest date for re- ipt of completed applic. forms is Dec. 31, 48 (for Method II), or Jan. 31, 1949 (for ethod I).

UNIV. of Cape Town. There are vacancies for two Lecturers in the Department of assics, one of whom will also be reqd. to ture on Art, Architecture and Archæology, lary scale is £550 × £25—£800 p.a. plus a nporary cost of living allowance (at present 90 p.a. for married man and £55 p.a. for gle person). Further partics. and informa- n as to method of application obtainable m Secretary, Assocn. of Universities of the itish Commonwealth, 32 Woburn Sq Lon- n. W.C.1. Closing date, Dec. 31, 1948.

CITY of Bath Educ. Cttee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Corsham, Wilts. Prin- pal, Clifford Ellis. Bath Academy of Art ludes Bath School of Art and also, ong other activities, a training college for n and women art teachers in schools of neral education. Applics. invited for follow- posts: (1) Lecturer in painting. (2) Lec- er in modelling, pottery and/or other crafts. lary for these two posts at Pelham Scale. (3) t teacher to be responsible to Principal for t-time day and evening classes conducted in th. Sal. Burnham Scale, plus £60 yearly special responsibility. Appl. forms from incipal to be returned to above address.

Appointments Vacant—continued

LONDON, The University: Goldsmiths' College. Applics. invited for post of full-time Senior Lecturer (woman) in Education. Qualifics. in Psychology and interest in Infant and Junior work reqd. Sal. on Pelham Scale for Senior Lecturers. Partics. from Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, S.E.14, to whom completed applics. should be returned by Dec. 31, 1948.

ESSEX C.C. Applics. invited from men and women for post of Assistant Archivist (Senior), within A.P.T.D. V (£520-£570), in Essex Record Office. Candidates should have an appropriate univ. degree (or similar qualific.), a detailed knowledge of Quarter Sessions, Estate, Parochial and other Local Records, and some exp. in archive research and publications. Exp. in dealing with modern County Council Records will also be an advantage. Further partics. of conditions of service obtainable on application. Applics., stating partics. of age, qualifics. and exp., should be sent to Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chelmsford, as soon as possible. Canvassing directly/indirectly is forbidden.

COUNTY Borough of Brighton. Art Gallery and Museum. Applics. invited for post of Art Assistant (Male) in Grade V (£520-£570 p.a.), of A.P.T. Division of Natl. Scheme of Conditions of Service for Local Govt. Officers. Exp. of art gallery and exhibition work, and a knowledge of art history will be an advantage. Appointment will be subject to provisions contained in above conditions of service and Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937, and successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Further partics. of appointment and form of applic. sent on application to Director, Art Gallery and Museum, Church St. Brighton, 1. Completed forms must arrive not later than Jan. 8, 1949. Canvassing, either directly/indirectly, will disqualify.

FEDERATION of Soroptimist Clubs of Great Britain & Ireland. The Board of Governors invite applics. for post of woman Executive Officer, tenable in London. Candidates should be between 35/45 years of age, have prof. or academic qualifics., and be able to take up appointment between April and June, 1949. Secretarial and organizing exp. essential, and exp. in public speaking advisable. Sal. £650 to £750 according to qualifics. Applics. should be detailed and supported by copies of recent testimonials, and should be sent by Jan. 1 to Hon. Secy., Federation of Soroptimist Clubs, Alliance Chambers, 19 Horsefair St. Leicester.

A WELL-known National voluntary welfare organization invites applics. for post of Appeals Officer, to be filled early in 1949 at its London H.Q. Persons with exp. of voluntary hospitals or similar work, and able to address meetings preferred. Commencing sal. £600-£750 according to ability. Superann. Scheme established. Applicants should state age, sex and personal qualifics. in first inst. to Box 468, Aldridge Advg., 1 Whitefriars St. E.C.4.

KENT Educ. Cttee. invite applics. for appointment as Women Welfare Officers. Duties will include selection of foster homes and care and supervision of children boarded out under provisions of The Children Act, 1948, and the home supervision of handicapped children. Applicants should hold a Social Sci. Diploma or similar qualific. or have had previous exp. in social work with children. Sal. in accordance with Scale A.P.T.I. of Natl. Scales (£390 p.a. by £15 yearly increments to £435 p.a.). Candidates appointed will be reqd. to pass medical exam. and the appointments are subject to provisions of the Local Govt. Superann. Act, 1937. Forms of applic. obtainable from the County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned by Jan. 1.

L.C.C. Applics. invited from qualified teachers (men or women) for appointment to Council's divisional staff for duty in special schools for handicapped children. Successful candidates will be reqd. to serve in a relief capacity, mainly in schools for the educationally sub-normal. Teachers already in the L.C.C. service can apply for secondment to these positions. Sal., Burnham (London) Scale, plus two additional increments carried beyond max. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Jan. 1. Canvassing disqualifies. (2199.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident Assistant Mistress (nursery school trained) at Nanhurst Residential School, nr. Cranleigh, Surrey, to teach children aged 2-5 yrs. Sal. Burnham Scale, tog. with emoluments of board, lodging and washing in consideration of supervisory and extraneous duties outside school hours and at week-ends. Forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Jan. 1. Canvassing disqualifies. (2219.)

WANTED, as soon as possible, Youth Leader (man or woman) to co-operate with Warden and husband in running Junior, Youth and Adult Mixed Clubs. Interesting and responsible job for someone with energy and enthusiasm who is interested in linking up youth work with adult work. Good living and working conditions. Sal. £170-£200 p.a. accdg. to qualifics. & exp., plus full resid. Apply: Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, Cumberland Rd. Plaistow, E.13.

HAMPSHIRE C.C. Abbey Wells, Woolton Hill, Nr. Newbury. Expd. Gardener-Handyman and wife, cook, reqd. for Children's Home immediately. Separate cottage. Further partics. from Amicia Carroll, County Children's Officer, 2 Clifton Terrace, Winchester.

FULLY qualified Family Case Worker reqd. —not under 25 years of age. Social Science Diploma essential. Salary according to qualifics. Apply Sheffield Council of Social Service, 155 Norfolk St. Sheffield, 1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

INSTITUTION of Electrical Engineers, Savoy Place, W.C.2. Applications invited for post of Assistant Editor of "Science Abstracts." Duties will mainly consist of the selection and editing of abstracts for "Physics Abstracts" and assistance in the preparation of the subject index. Salary according to age and exp. Applicants should have an hons. degree in Physics, and preferably research or industrial exp. Familiarity with literature of Physics, wide interest in current developments, both pure and applied, are essential, capacity for concise expression and orderly arrangement are also reqd. Proficiency in foreign languages is desirable, though not essential.

UNIV. of Leeds. Matron reqd. from December or January for a Men's Hostel (Devonshire Hall) of 150 students. The matron will be responsible to the Warden for all catering and storekeeping and for recruitment and supervision of female domestic staff. Commencing salary £250 with board-residence. Superann. scheme. Applicn., with full partics., to be sent immediately to Warden, Devonshire Hall, Cumberland Rd. Leeds, 6.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Rayners Residential School for Deaf Children, Penn, Bucks, Resident Assistant Matron. Duties include responsibility under Headmaster as assistant to Matron, for supervision of non-teaching staff, domestic admin. incl. catering and needlework, supervision of children, and to assist with minor ailments. Sal. £190-£230 p.a. plus emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. Applic. forms and further details from Educ. Officer (Estab. 6/107), County Hall, S.E.1. (2176.)

BARNS Hostel School, Ancrum, Roxburghshire. Two qualified Teachers required in this Recog. Residential Special School for 40 difficult boys. General subjects plus Crafts or Remedial Work for backwardness. Individual teaching in small groups. Teviot scale plus full board. Apply Headmaster.

SMALL Progressive School in Scotland, now pre-preparatory, desiring to expand and increase age range, wishes to contact energetic enthusiastic qualified graduate teacher with view to taking charge of and developing academic side of School. Box 6901.

WOMAN Leader-organiser, resident, reqd. for Neighbourhood House in Rotherhithe. Mixed Youth Clubs and Junior Girls' work. Interesting post for person with exp. of similar district. Also Man Club Leader for Junior Boys' work and help in Mixed Youth Club. Both salaries according to exp. Applic. with 2 testimonials and 2 refs. to Organising Secy., Time & Talents, 187 Bermondsey St. S.E.1.

HOUSEFATHER experienced (Jewish) for young boys. Salary £225 p.a. × £15 to £300 p.a. plus full emoluments. Apply, Principal, Jewish Orphanage, Knight's Hill, S.E.27.

MARRIED couples (no children) expd. in social activities, estate management and admin., catering and control of staff, reqd. for managerial posts at Guest Houses in Gt. Britain. Age not under 30. Joint sal. £364 p.a. plus furn. quarters & board. Box 6648.

FRANCE. Young man, 30-35, who already has considerable commercial exp. and desires greater opportunity, is reqd. for important executive post in France, with subsidiary of well-known English company. Knowledge of country essential. Write, giving partics. of career to date, to Box 992, Spottiswoodes, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

COMPANIONABLE Working Housekeeper required, able drive car, plain cooking. Own quarters in pleasant home with family, professional woman and mother; large garden, daily help rough. £4. Croydon 0869. Box 6687.

SHORTHAND-Typist for interesting work in London newspaper office. Accuracy and ability use own initiative essential. Box 6978.

Appointments Wanted

GRADUATE, 24, interested social reconstruction, seeks job in London. Degree in English. Fluent French. Travelled Near and Far East, Eastern and Western Europe. Army experience includes both driving instructor and 2 yrs. General Staff officer. Box 6598.

PRIVATE Secretary, fully qualified, experienced, highest references, seeks interesting post. Box 241, Whiteley's, Queensway, W.2.

YOUNG lady, expd. editorial work, now sub-editing small mthly. jnl., seeks part or full-time journalistic work. Lay-out. Fluent German and some French. Box 6552.

INTELLIGENT young woman with wide knowledge of musical matters and genuine interest in people, sks. intg. job. Box 6534.

SECRETARY, British, would be interested to go to Germany. Wide knowledge of the country and fluent German. Box 6515.

TEACHER, male, 28, seeks change of occupation. Social work, interviewing, Literary work, etc. Likes travel. Box 6501.

ESTATE and Building general maintenance craftsman. Exc. refs. Present position. Sks. similar post or suggestion. Possibility build own dwelling spare time. Stapleton, Middle Lodge, Horsley, Eccleshall, Staffs.

ADAPTABLE balanced woman (40), int. in people, social welfare, communal living, adult education, nutrition, Biology, books, music, reqs. respons. post, London. Some academic training. No business exp. Box 5855.

WRITER of established reputation, experienced editor, seeks post with publisher. Will also undertake revision of MSS., research, ghosting, &c. Box 6118.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

BUDE, Cornwall. Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Tel.: Bude 147.

GOOD food and simple accommodation, with river, wood and moorland scenery, are offered to walkers and other informal people. 3*gns*. Ruth Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

Where to Stay and Restaurants—continued

HURTMORE Farm House, Godalming, Surrey, can offer comfortable accommodation for a long or short period—central heating, all modern conveniences—log fires and good food. Tel. Godalming 826.

WINTER holidays in the sun. Pretty fishing village Cote d'Azur. Fruits, wine, flowers, bathing. Comf. pension, modern, friendly. Exc. Provencal ckg. Reas. prices. Buses to towns. Engl. refs. if desired. Mme. Polad, La Benale, Carqueiranne, Var, France.

SUSSEX. Willow Brook, Hassocks. Private Hotel in unspoilt Downland country. Hour London, six miles Brighton. Glorious views, Southern aspect. Hot & cold, fires in bedrooms, central heating, spacious gardens, own produce. Holiday bookings now. Hassocks 424.

LEAMINGTON Spa. 28 Lillington Rd. First-class guest house and for convalescents. Continental and English cooking. All special diets. Tel. 2148.

OWN produce. Vi springs, modern convenience, view, peace, flowers. Beadon Prior Hotel, Salcombe, South Devon.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10s. Stamped env. for brochure "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

WORTHING. Small exclusive Hotel in ideal position. Every comfort. Avenue Lodge Hotel, 1 Grand Avenue, Worthing. Tel. 349.

MUDDIFORD, Nr. Barnstaple, Devon. Broomhill. At reduced Winter terms, enjoy the amenities of well-managed hotel, with homely atmosphere, comfortable country house. Billiards. Really good country fare. 150 acres own grnds. Tel. Shirwell 62.

FORTFIELD Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon. Under Royal Patronage. A.A. * * * *, R.A.C. Dignity without ceremony; sublime comfort without ostentation; perfection in cuisine and service and a grand position by the sea. Every amenity to be expected of a first-class hotel, incl. full licence. Tel. 903/4.

RIVINGTON Hotel, Cromwell Rd. Hove. Close sea. Garden prod. Excel. cuisine. Every amenity. Highly recom. Hove 3106.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Ct., W. Cliff. 33 mod. rms. ct. htg. superb cuisine; every comf. 6*gns*. incl. wkly. Tel. 1944.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, mod. comfort; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel.: Kingham 209.

SUSSEX, between Battle and Heathfield. A few guests welcomed in comf. farm house in 60 acres. Good food. Constant hot water, good fires and beds. Own prod. 4½*gns*. Rushlake Green 321 or Box 6028.

BOURNEMOUTH'S Loveliest! Hotel Miramar, East Overcliff, offers you every comfort and modern facility combined with a charm of atmosphere quite unique. Resident Proprietors. 'Phone 1081.

THE Old Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. Good food, soft beds; a warm hotel; radiators and hot water in every bedroom. Apply Proprietor.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

Schools

BEVERLEY School, Wolfelee, nr. Hawick. Prog. Co-Educ. Children from 3 years. Healthy, happy environment. Special attention given to diet. Entire charge, arrangements made for children with parents abroad.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls aged 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed. 5 to 12; also Little Elmtrees, 2½ to 5. Vacancies boarding and day both houses. Write for prospectus.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

HILL House School, Steeple Claydon, Bletchley, Bucks. A pre-preparatory school with nursery section taking children 2-8 yrs. of age. Fully-trained staff. 2½ acres lawns, kit. garden, orchard, etc. Own poultry and dairy prod. Enqs. welc. from parents abroad. Full pars.: Principal, Mrs. J. M. Winter, B.A.

INDIVIDUAL educ. for the individual child. Charleston Coaching School, 207 Gloucester Pl. N.W.1. Apptmnt. only. PAD. 1343.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. A group of 100 children and 40 adults, creatively concerned with educ., agriculture, the arts. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karis Guinness, R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

NAEMOOR School, Rumbling Bridge, Perthshire. Edinburgh 40 miles. A modern co-ed. school, founded by parents and educationists. Friendly environment. Well-equipped classrooms. Principals: John L. Grieve, B.Sc., Janet Grieve, M.A., B.Ed.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal. RAV. 3272.

SMALL group of weekly boarders, pref. under eight years, accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave. N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 100 boys and girls 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome vigorous community life; training in disciplined co-operation and practical social responsibility. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

WHITE Oaks, Tollingworth Park, Heathfield, Sussex. Pre-Preparatory School, excellent teaching and matron staff. Few vacancies for boarders. Also open for holiday children. Apply Mrs. Stewart, Principal.